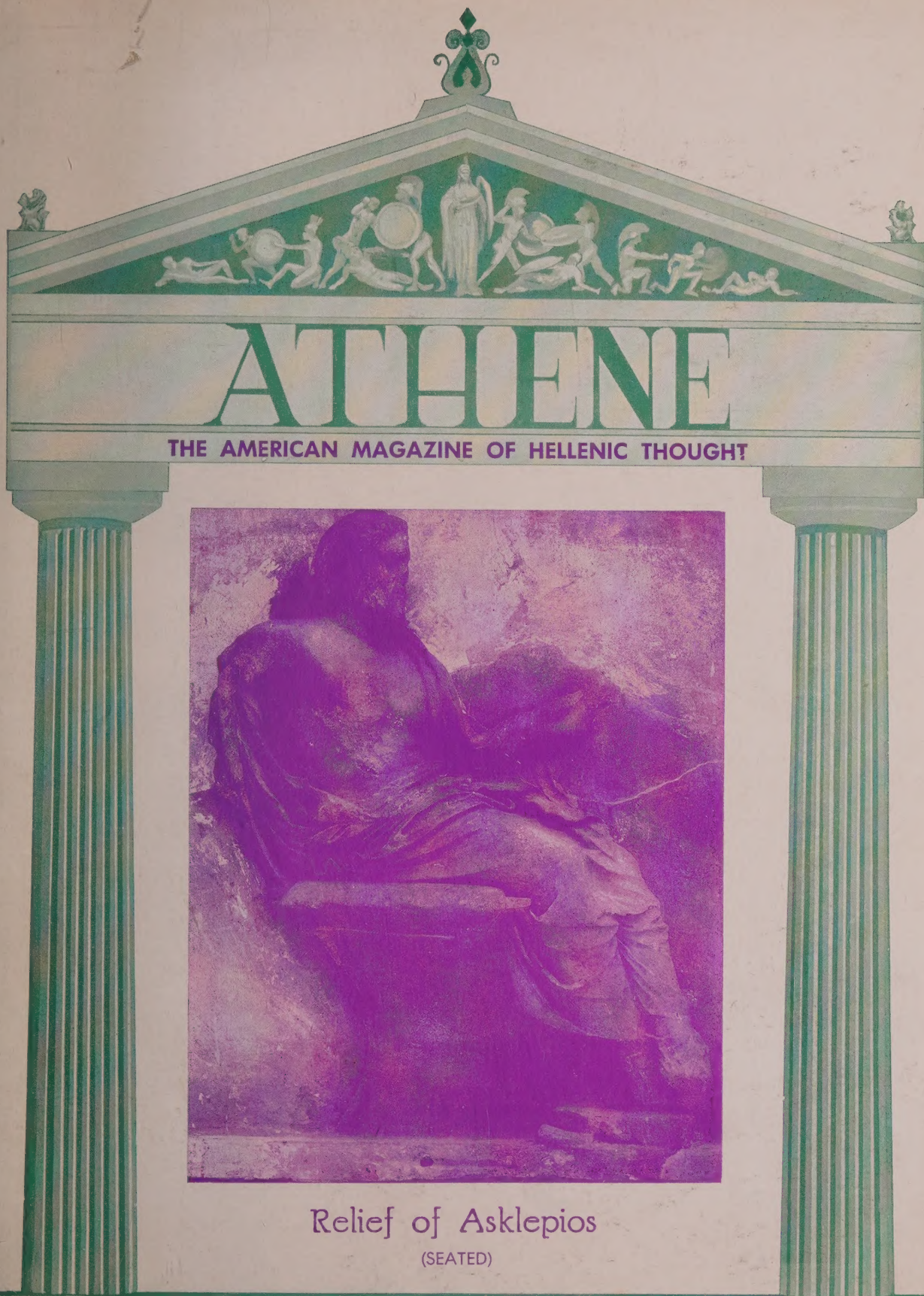




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**DEMETRIOS
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THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN
(Late Byzantine embroidery of exceptional beauty)

THE AESTHETICS OF BYZANTINE ART

By CONSTANTINE CAVARNOS

(University of North Carolina—Chapel Hill, N. C.)

For centuries mediaeval Christian art — architecture, mosaics, painting, music — had been ignored or misinterpreted. It had been regarded as a lower, almost barbaric form of art.

Though this attitude has changed in recent times, still mediaeval Christian art has not been properly understood and hence sufficiently appreciated. This is especially true of Byzantine art.

In this paper I shall undertake to present an aesthetic analysis and justification of Byzantine art — of the art which flourished in the Byzantine Empire from the fourth to the fifteenth century and which up to the present time has been the art of the Eastern, Orthodox Church. I shall do this by summarizing and commenting on the views of two eminent contemporary Greeks, Panayotis A. Michelis and Photis Kontoglous. Michelis is professor of the theory of architecture in the National Institute of Technology in Athens, Greece. Kontoglous is a painter and writer. Except where I indicate otherwise, their views are also expressive of my own. I shall begin by presenting the views of Michelis.

Byzantium has been condemned and is still being condemned as "artistically inferior and sterile," says Michelis in his book **An Aesthetic Examination of Byzantine Art**. But this charge, he observes, is unjust. Byzantium was artistically very creative and its works of art are equal to those which have been produced by other great civilizations.

Michelis undertakes to prove this by examining Byzantine architecture and painting with the technical equipment of modern aesthetics. He suggests that the same could be shown by examining other fine arts of Byzantium, especially its religious poetry and music. For he remarks in the preface of his book that the Greeks in the Middle Ages employed their poetic and musical gifts "in church hymnody, which has served as the foundation for the modern church music of the West."

Let us see how Michelis proceeds to develop his argument. He begins by pointing out that in order that we may determine whether the art of a particular place or epoch is outstanding or not, we must judge it by the proper criteria. If our criteria are not appropriate, then our judgments will be amiss. This, believes Michelis, is what has occurred in the case of most modern aestheticians

who have expressed their opinions on Byzantine art and, more generally, on the art of the Middle Ages. Byzantine art and, in general, Mediaeval Christian art, says Michelis, had for centuries been regarded "as inferior and not worthy of being called art in comparison with the art of Classical Antiquity, the art of the Italian Renaissance, and the subsequent art of the Neo-classical period." Molière, for example, called the Gothic cathedrals "horrible monsters of ignorant centuries." Hegel characterized Byzantine paintings as lifeless, while Vischer stigmatized them



ICON OF CHRIST IN SANCTA SOPHIA, SALONICA

as "mummies." But why do they condemn Mediaeval Christian art? Because, says Michelis, they judge it by the criteria of the "humanistic" mentality. They think that all works of art must fit in the same mold. Whatever does not fit in it they reject. For them a work which does not conform to the requirements of classical art is not a work of art. (**)

(**) — Cf. G. Santayana, *The Sense of Beauty*, p. 83. He refers to Byzantine architecture as "vague and barbarous" compared to classical Greek architecture. H. Read, in *The Meaning of Art*, expresses the opinion that it is Gibbon, with his "inability to appreciate Christian values, who more than anyone else has retarded the true appreciation of Byzantine art" (pp. 116-117).

Michelis undertakes to justify Byzantine art on the basis of a new system of aesthetic categories. He maintains that the misinterpretation of Byzantine art is due to the recognition of only one basic aesthetic category, that of beauty, of which the other aesthetic categories, such as grace and sublimity, are only "modes." According to Michelis, it is not true that there exists only one aesthetic category: there exist six. These are the **beautiful**, the **sublime**, the **tragic**, the **comic**, the **ugly**, and the **graceful**. That is, "every artistic synthesis has a specific character: we call the work beautiful, sublime, tragic, comic, ugly, or graceful." This specific character Michelis calls "aesthetic category."

Of these aesthetic categories, the sublime and the beautiful are **basic**, **opposed**, and **equal in weight**, in importance. The other four participate essentially in one or the other or both of these.

Now Byzantine art is dominated by the category of the sublime. And, since this is basically different from the category of the beautiful, when a person criticizes Byzantine art because it lacks the beauty



KAPNIKAREA ATHENS (A. D. 875)

which characterizes the works of Classical Antiquity or of the Italian Renaissance, he commits a basic fallacy.

The study of the history of art, says Michelis, shows that there are three kinds of epochs, and that each of these is dominated by one definite aesthetic category. There are **anthropocentric** epochs, that is, epochs in which man dominates the scene. There are other epochs, which are **theocentric**, where there is a domination of the divine. And there are epochs which are **transitional**. "Each transitional period . . . from theocentrism towards anthropocentrism **humanizes** the Gods. And every transitional epoch from anthropocentrism to theocentrism **deifies men**, and thus prepares psychologically for the turn towards its antithesis." Now the anthropocentric epochs are dominated by the category of the beautiful; the theocentric, by the category of the sublime; and the transitional ones, by the category of grace. These epochs succeed one another. Epochs which are dominated by the categories of the tragic, the comic, and the ugly do not exist.

All this Michelis attempts to prove both inductively and deductively. He holds that Greek Antiquity was an anthropocentric period, and that

its art expresses chiefly the beautiful. The same is true of the Renaissance. The Mediaeval period was theocentric, and its chief aesthetic category was the sublime. It was preceded and accompanied by a Rococo period, which was dominated by the category of grace. Underlying this argument is Michelis' thesis that there is an essential relation between the religious and philosophical outlook of an age and its art. Art, he maintains, expresses in aesthetic symbols man's ideas and experiences regarding the great problems of the Cosmos, God, and Man; and its development follows fatefully the flourishing and decline of these ideas and experiences.

Let us now see what this thing is that Michelis calls "sublime" and how, as the dominant aesthetic category of Byzantium, it expresses the ideas and the experiences of the Byzantines regarding the great problems. What the "sublime" is can be understood better by comparing it with the "beautiful." The difference between the beautiful and the sublime can be explained in two ways: we can either indicate the respective intrinsic qualities of the beautiful and of the sublime, or we can describe the relations which the aesthetically sensitive person takes towards them. If we examine works expressing these two categories we shall see that in the beautiful there is a primacy of form, of measure, of the static, of quality, of the synthesis of antitheses, whereas in the sublime there is a primacy of the formless, of the unmeasured, of the dynamic, of quality, of the resolution of antitheses. If, on the other hand, we turn our attention to our relation towards these two categories, we shall observe the following. Towards the beautiful we feel serenity; towards the sublime, disturbance. Towards the beautiful we feel delight; towards the sublime, wonder. Again, the beautiful appeals more to our intellectual side; the sublime, to our emotional side. Finally, the beautiful leads us towards the outer world; the sublime, towards the inner world.

Byzantine art, says Michelis, as Christian art **par excellence**, is dominated by the sublime. The Byzantines are Christians, and their Christianity is more than a mere name, is deep. The religious lyricism of the Byzantines, observes Michelis, overflowed from the souls because "both collectively and individually they raised their souls towards heaven. They believed in transcendent realities, in divine persons, in the Holy History, in the miraculous, as though these were the only reality." Their Christianity was directed inwards, was mystical. Their religion was not a religion of the external, material world. It was a religion of another, inner, spiritual world. Important for them was not this life here, but another, eternal life. Earthly life was for them "but a trial journey."

Now Byzantine art employs various means in order to **express** the religious faith of the Byzantines and their aspiration towards the divine. In architecture it succeeds in doing this through the proper use of space and light. The Byzantine architect orders rather the **inner** space of the church than its outer aspect. On its external side the Byzantine church is relatively plain, free of all superfluity, while inside it has an unsuspected wealth of decoration. As a Christian church, it "could not be, like the

temple of the heathens, a dwelling of a God according to the prototype of the dwellings of men, that is, a mansion built out of marble, but had to become a miniature of the Universe, because in it live the one and only God." The Byzantine architect succeeded in doing this by emphasizing the length and height of the building, unifying the vast inner space, and making proper use of the sunlight. The length is emphasized by making it dominate over the width. In the case of the basilica, the building is so constructed that there is also a gradual movement upwards and an intense illumination at the middle segment, so that a sense of aspiration upwards is produced. In the case of the dome-covered church, a similar effect is achieved by the gradual upward movement of the vault which support the dome. This upward movement "raises the gaze and the spirit of the spectator towards the light. Thus, in a likeness of the Universe, is effectively and very clearly displayed the infinite but unitary space as a bearer of the sublime idea of the omnipresent Divine Spirit."

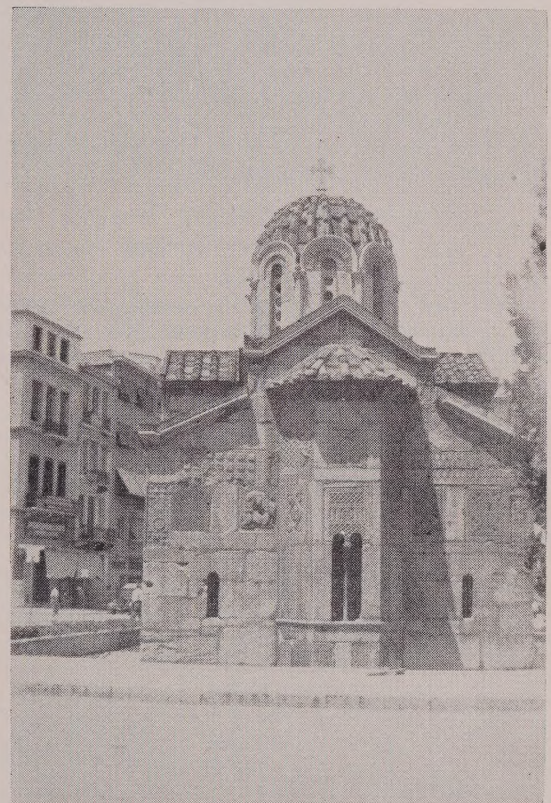
In painting also the Byzantines emphasize **spirituality**. By covering up with clothes the anatomically distorted body, by the stiffness of the representations, by the indifference for the ugliness of the characteristics of the physiognomy, the Byzantine painter accentuates "the inwardness of the representations and impresses the spectator with the idea that these beings have forgotten their body" The Byzantine painter is not afraid to distort the natural proportions of the body, to exaggerate the size of some parts and to diminish that of others, because in this way he expresses the inner qualities. He is indifferent to the correct proportions of the body, to the **outer** form of man, because he wants chiefly to represent the **inner** man. All the expression of the soul is concentrated on the face. " . . . The interest of the onlooker is withdrawn from the body and focused on the face and especially on the eyes" Here are expressed the Christian virtues of repentance, purity, meekness, kindness, love, and the like.

Byzantine art, according to Michelis, does not express simply Christianity; it expresses the **Greek** conception of Christianity. This can be seen by a comparison of Byzantine art with classical Greek art on the one hand and with Gothic art on the other. Ancient Greek art is characterized by simplicity, clarity, idealism. Gothic art is distinguished by complexity, lack of clarity, uniqueness of form. Now Byzantine art does not lapse into complexity: it has **simplicity**. Neither does it lapse into vagueness: it has **clarity**. And it combines uniqueness of form with idealism: it has **measure** and **rhythm**. Classical art expresses its object with measure, form, while Gothic art presents the sublime by means of the bulk and fanaticism of power, running the risk of becoming formless. Byzantine art "remains serene, within the bounds of measure both in bulk and in power; it preserves form." In other words, Byzantine art blends the sublime, which it took from the East, from Christianity, with the beautiful, which it inherited from Greece.

But is it possible for a work of art to express simultaneously two aesthetic categories, the sublime

and the beautiful, without being deprived of organic unity, without becoming falsified? Michelis anticipates this objection and provides an affirmative answer. A work of art, he says, **can** unite in itself elements or characteristics of different aesthetic categories, provided it is **dominated** by **one** aesthetic category. Byzantine art has the marks of the beautiful, but it is dominated by the category of the sublime. In this resides its originality.

Byzantine art, according to Michelis, not only has originality, it also has **power**. This is testified, amongst other things, by the influence it has had upon the barbarian neighbors of the Byzantine Empire. It contributed to their Christianization and civilization. It contributed also to their artistic training: it provides them with models to be imitated



ST. ELEUTHERIOS, ATHENS (1250)

and awakened their artistic potentialities, with the result that "the Serbians and the Russians chiefly developed a national art which constitute in essence offshoots of Byzantine art."

* *

Michelis' attempt in **An Aesthetic Examination of Byzantine Art** to interpret and do justice to Byzantine art constitutes the first systematic analysis, and one of the most important studies, of Byzantine art. One who follows carefully the arguments and abundant observations of Michelis cannot but be convinced that the modern contempt for the art of Byzantium is unjustified and that the Byzantines produced works of art which are worthy of great admiration.



Wall Painting in the Vestibule of the Church Portaitissa,
in the Monastery Iviron, Mt. Athos

Nevertheless, there are some things which Michelis says that may be questioned. His theory of aesthetic categories, for instance, contains certain significant truths; but in its entirety I find it unacceptable and believe that Byzantine art can be interpreted correctly without it. Michelis distinguishes six aesthetic categories: the sublime, the beautiful, the tragic, the comic, the graceful, the ugly. He maintains that the sublime and the beautiful are the two **basic** categories and, moreover, that they are **opposed** and **equal** in importance, in value. He believes that this distinction between the sublime and the beautiful is indispensable for the correct interpretation and justification of Byzantine art. Now I have certain reservations about his general theory of aesthetic categories, but I do not believe it is necessary for the purposes of this paper to go into this matter. What concerns us here is Michelis' sharp distinction between the category of the "beautiful" and the category of the "sublime". I believe that the distinction Michelis is trying to make by using these two terms is a very important one; that it **is** necessary for properly understanding Byzantine art. However, I believe that he has not distinguished these two categories altogether adequately. This I shall now undertake to show.

In the first place, Michelis uses the term "sublime" to refer to things which seem to me to be altogether different: (a) to certain external, natural phenomena which are characterized by exceptionally great power, such as the thundering heavens in a tempest, the stormy sea, or the fire of a volcano, and (b) to inner beauty, that is, to purity, kindness, meekness, love, and the like. But what is the relation between the first and the second? Entirely different is the quality and mode of existence of the natural phenomena mentioned and the inner world of God or of a saint. Also different are the feelings which

are aroused by such natural phenomena on the one hand and by spiritual qualities on the other. In the first case we have fear; in the second reverence. And, as Plato observes, "wherever there is reverence there is fear, but wherever there is fear there is not necessarily reverence" (*Euthyphro*, 12c). The thing that Michelis stresses is that Byzantine art expresses something **inner**; and I think, therefore, that he confuses us when he uses examples of the "sublime" taken from nature.

Now if the term "sublime" is to be taken to refer to such inner qualities as I have indicated, then, as these qualities have traditionally been referred to as constituting "inner beauty," Michelis' attempt to contrast the "sublime" and the "beautiful" **formally** rather than **materially**—to use the language of scholastic philosophy—does not seem satisfactory. The contrast should have been not one between the "beautiful" as a species of the non-beautiful, referred to by the word "sublime," but between **two distinct levels of beauty**: (a) **outer** beauty and (b) **inner** beauty.

The terms "inner beauty" and "outer beauty" do not, I suppose, have today the halo of philosophical respectability. But I am not concerned about this. The fact is that these or similar terms have been used not only by the Greeks throughout the ages, but also by other peoples. Michelis himself, in spite of his attempts theoretically to contrast the "sublime" with the "beautiful", sometimes speaks of "inner beauty" where he ought, in conformity with his theory, to speak of the "sublime," and, correspondingly, of "outer beauty" instead of simply "beauty." Referring, for instance, to the first Christians, he observes "that the spell of **outer** form stopped the moment when human nature was discovering **another beauty within** it." (My bold face).

Again, he observes that in spiritual art "even personal ugliness is not excluded but rather is necessitated, especially whenever the emphasis on the **beauty of the soul** is thereby made of greater interest . . ." (My bold face). In such a case "ugliness . . . plays the role of repelling; but for this very reason it compels us to take note of the expression of **inner beauty**." (My bold face). By "outer beauty" in the case of man it is clear that Michelis means the "harmonious proportion of the body," while by "inner beauty" he means the various spiritual excellence, particularly the Christian virtues.

Now if what Michelis is contrasting by his terms "sublime" and "beautiful" are "inner beauty" and "outer beauty," respectively, we are left with the question whether his sharp contrast between the formal aspects of the two is justifiable. It seems to me that Michelis takes unnecessary pain to draw this sharp contrast and is then left with a problem which he does not and cannot solve satisfactorily—the problem, namely, of how the "sublime" and the "beautiful" are harmoniously united in Byzantine art. He says, on the one hand, that the sublime and the beautiful are two basically different aesthetic categories; that the sublime is characterized by qualities contrary to those of the beautiful, and that Byzantine art is **par excellence** an art expressing the sublime. On the other hand, he says that Byzantine art retains the marks of the category of beauty. More specifically, he says somewhere that the sublime is something lacking measure as regards size and order, while later on he observes that Byzantine art "remains . . . within the bounds of measure both in size and in power," and that it can present the sublime even . . . in microscopic churches such as Gorgopekoos." Again, he remarks that Byzantine architecture "retains the Greek virtue of measure. It does not exaggerate any dimension, either of length or width or height."

Michelis senses this difficulty—this contradiction, as it seems to me to be. He observes that Byzantine art "combined the sublime with the beautiful," without, however, becoming divided and false. It succeeded in doing this thanks to the fact that it allowed the category of the sublime to dominate: In view of the various observations I have already made, this explanation does not seem satisfactory. I shall add two others. Michelis maintains that Byzantine art gives a higher expression to the sublime than does Gothic art. The reason he give for this is that Byzantine art blended the sublime with the **beautiful**. But it would seem that Gothic art, by remaining faithful to **one** aesthetic category, that of the sublime, must be **more** genuine, and hence superior to Byzantine art. As he denies this, his real premises cannot be that the sublime and the beautiful are radically different aesthetic categories. There is also this paradox: Byzantine art, Michelis says, combines **two opposed** aesthetic categories, and yet it has **more simplicity** than Gothic art, which expresses only **one**.

In view of these difficulties of Michelis' argument, I submit the following. The "sublime" and the "beautiful" are not two basically different aesthetic categories if considered formally, but one if considered materially, i.e. with respect to the level of

being which they represent. By "sublime" is meant "inner beauty" and by "beautiful" is meant "outer beauty." Both of these are distinguished by the same formal characteristics: simplicity, measure, clarity, harmony, and the like. Inner beauty differs from outer in that it belongs to a **higher** level of being than the latter. To use the language of Plato, inner beauty or the sublime belongs to the higher



THE MAIN CHURCH OF THE MONASTERY
MEGISTE LAVRA, MT. ATHOS

level of **nooumena** or intelligibles, whereas outer beauty, or what Michelis calls simply beauty, belongs to the lower level of **phainomena** or sensibles.

The view that inner beauty is superior to outer is to be found not only in religious thought, but also in Greek philosophy as far back as Heracleitos and Plato. Heracleitos, for instance, declares that "the invisible harmony is better than the visible," and Plato remarks that "the beauty which is in souls



PANAGIA ACHEIROPIETOS, SALONIKA (5th CENTURY)

must be regarded as more valuable than the beauty of the body" (*Symposium*, 210b). And it seems strange to me that Michelis, in spite of the fact that he stresses the inwardness of the Byzantines and creates the impression that they lived on a higher spiritual plane than the men of Ancient Greece and of the Renaissance, says that the sublime (i. e. inner beauty), which is the dominant value of the Byzantine, and the "beautiful" (i.e. outer beauty), which

is the dominant value of Classical Antiquity and of the Renaissance, are categories of **equal** value.

Now if it is true, as I submit, that inner beauty or the sublime is a value superior to outer or physical beauty; if it is true, as Michelis argues and as I am convinced, that Byzantine art has as its direct aim to express the sublime; if it is true, as Michelis holds and as I am convinced, that Byzantine art succeeds in this aim to an exceptional degree, then the conclusion emerges that Byzantine art is not, as Michelis says, simply equal in values with the art of Classical Antiquity and of the Renaissance: it is **superior**.

* *

Let us now turn to Photis Kontoglous. Scattered in his various books and articles is to be found an interpretation and defense of Byzantine art that are worthy of serious attention.

Kontoglous discusses Byzantine art, especially painting, not in the language, or in accordance with the method, of modern philosophers, as Michelis does. He speaks as an hagiographer or painter of religious figures and thinker who has contempt for involved, secular philosophies, but experiences profoundly the Byzantine spirit—the ascetic and mystical spirit of Greek Orthodoxy. "Byzantine art," says Kontoglous, "is for me the art of arts. I believe in it as I believe in religion." "Only this art nourishes my soul, through its deep and mysterious powers; it alone quenches the thirst which I feel in the midst of the desert which surrounds us." "In comparison with Byzantine art, all the others appear to me light, 'troubling themselves about many things, whereas it is one thing that is needed.'"

Like Michelis, he emphasizes the simplicity, clarity, restraint, power, originality, and great spirituality of Byzantine art. Byzantine art, he observes, is "an art with the most powerful character and with the greatest spirituality and originality."

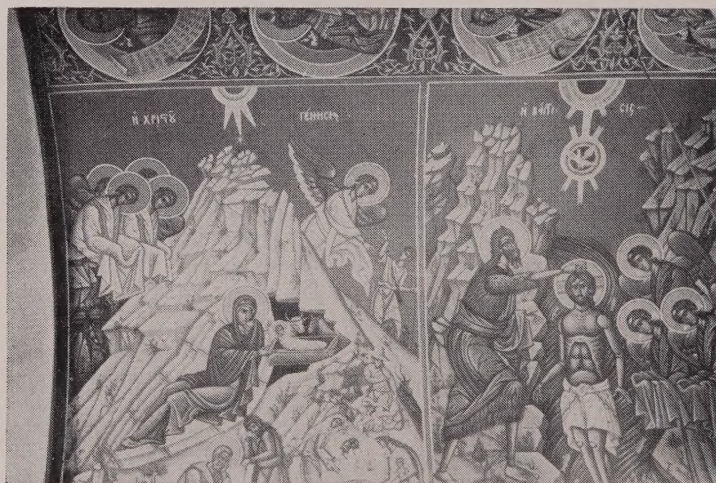
But there are many, he is aware, who think very differently. They look down upon Byzantine art because it lacks naturalness. Now Kontoglous

does not deny that Byzantine paintings and mosaics lack what is called "naturalness." But he observes that a good painting is not good because it is "natural," in the sense of observing carefully the anatomical structure of the body and the principles of perspective, but for other reasons. A work may be "natural and precisely for that reason **not** good." Thus, the hands and feet in a Byzantine icon may appear unnatural yet they are truer, more expressive, more artistic than the hands which have been painted (say) by a Raphael. To the pseudo-educated person those hands and feet appear simply crooked. "But this crookedness is that which constitutes their expressiveness, is that which expresses things deeper than anatomy and perspective—things spiritual."

Byzantine art, then, is not to be condemned for not being naturalistic, realistic, for not reproducing faithfully the material world. Its aim is something very different. Byzantine art has a **religious function**. It seeks to express spiritual things in order thereby to help man penetrate into the mysteries of Christian religion; it seeks to help man rise to a higher level of being.

Employing traditional religious terminology, Kontoglous makes a sharp distinction between two kinds of art, the "wordly" or "carnal" and the "spiritual." "Worldly" art is either **naturalistic** or **phantastic**. That is, it either imitates nature, representing the "external aspect of man and other creatures," or it creates arbitrary images according to human imagination. In either case, such art is elaborate and ostentatious. Examples of it are the works of Raphael, of Guido Reni, of Carlo Dolci.

"Spiritual" art, on the other hand, does not imitate either nature, the material world, or the arbitrary creatures of man's imagination, but things belonging to the realm of the spirit, using sacred and symbolic forms and mystical colors. And it is not elaborate and exhibitionistic, but simple and humble. It does not serve human passions, but God. An example of such art is the Byzantine.



The Nativity of Christ, wall painting by Photis Kontoglous in the Church of Zoodochos Peghe in Liopesi, near Athens. (Right) The Baptism



Byzantine Frescoes at Mistra, said to be among the most remarkable artistic creations of all time.

As I have already remarked, Kontoglous emphasizes the simplicity, the clarity, the restraint, the power of Byzantine art. Take, he says, the Madonna who is painted on Byzantine icons and compare her with the theatrical idol which has been painted in the West and called by the same name. The first is modest, solemn, venerable; the second is "a doll with rings and earrings and a whole lot of unholy and foolish things . . ." Again, take the Nativity of Christ. "The Greek Orthodox hagiographers have painted the Nativity of Christ with the mysticism which one feels who believes simply and truly, 'as childlike,' according to the word of Christ." It has the same simplicity as the language in which the Gospels describe the event. It has forms and colors which are mystical, simple, unpretended; it is expressive without being exhibitionistic, profound without being intricate. Take, on the other hand, the representation of the same event by many of the painters of the Western Church. The Nativity here has been painted elaborately, "like a theatrical staging, similar to those which one sees at the movies." "The icons of the Western Church," observes Kontoglous, "represent a world foreign to the Gospels, especially the works which have been made by the painters of the Italian Renaissance . . ." These latter in particular are devoid of contrition, devoid of all mystery, having been painted for the sake of displaying the artist's ability to paint things which appear natural and for gratifying the carnal senses.

Even when compared with the paintings of other Orthodox countries, such as Yugoslavia, those of the Byzantines show noticeable differences. Speaking about the paintings of Yugoslavia which were made during the Byzantine period, Kontoglous remarks that the works which were painted by Greeks differ from others: they are characterized by greater restraint, decorum, solemnity, spirituality.

* *

We have seen that Kontoglous speaks of "worldly" or "carnal" art. This corresponds to what Michelis calls "anthropocentric" or "humanistic" art. Such art, according to Kontoglous, is concerned with "carnal beauty," that is, with what Michelis calls simply 'beauty.' Opposed to worldly or secular art there is, for Kontoglous, "spiritual art," which is concerned with "spiritual beauty." These correspond to what Michelis calls "theocentric art" and "sublimity," respectively. The terminology of the two men is thus different. Michelis speaks in the language of secular philosophy, while Kontoglous speaks in the language of religion. Now we have seen that Michelis regards "anthropocentric" and "theocentric" art at their best as equals, and this in spite of the fact that much of what he says implies a definite superiority of the latter. Kontoglous here is more consistent. He emphatically places spiritual art **above** secular art; inner beauty above outer beauty. In fact, he condemns secular art, thus matching the condemnation of Mediaeval Christian art by many moderns!

Kontoglous' condemnation of humanistic art is based on his view that art is irresponsible play, unless it serves God, unless it leads the human soul from the material world towards another, spiritual

world. Speaking of painting in particular, he observes that "the only painting which is not vain is painting which serves God, namely, hagiography." "In the Orthodox Church," he continues, "painting does not imitate senselessly the material world in order to reduplicate it, but in order to make clear the mysteries of the Church, in order to represent the saints and the history of religion in a human manner, taking elements from the material world but transmuting them into forms sacred and holy." In Byzantium, and more generally in the Orient, he says, painting had been "almost exclusively religious."

Kontoglous does not place physical or "carnal" beauty on the same level as inner, spiritual beauty. For it is shallow and perishable, as he observes, whereas spiritual beauty is deep and imperishable; evokes contrition, reverence, genuine love, "gladdening-sadness" to use an expression of the sixteenth century Bizantine mystic St. John of the Ladder.

It seems to me that Kontoglous is right in distinguishing two kinds of art and two kinds of beauty, and also in holding that art should be characterized by such qualities as simplicity and humility. Again, as I have indicated in connection with Michelis, it seems to me that Kontoglous is right in maintaining that spiritual art must be regarded as superior to secular art. I am not so sure, however, that he is right in completely repudiating secular art. Kontoglous distinguishes two forms of such arts—the realistic and the phantastic. I would add a third—the **idealistic** which represents certain idealized natural forms. Works of such art, when simple, unostentatious, would seem to constitute a valuable part of man's aesthetic discipline, to form a **pro-paideia** (preparatory discipline) for the contemplation of the sublime.

With regard both to the creation and the appreciation of works of spiritual art, Kontoglous holds that there is presupposed a certain inner state. Such works, he believes, cannot be created "by any carnal man, even though he be the greatest master." They can be produced only by an artist, even though he may be illiterate, who fasts, prays, and lives "in contrition and humility." For only then is the soul "imbued with Grace, soars upward with spiritual wings, and becomes capable of representing the deep realm of mysteries."

Similarly, says Kontoglous, the beauty expressed by such works is not perceived by carnal, sophisticated, impious men, any more than is the truth and beauty of "the Gospels and of everything that emits a spiritual fragrance." Such persons understand only the language of the senses; spiritual art, however, "does not speak to the senses, but to the spirit." In order to apprehend spiritual beauty, one must have a special sensibility, which only the simple, spiritual individual has. Simple folks, observes Kontoglous, understand and appreciate Byzantine art, where the pseudo-cultured, who have lost their healthy simplicity and piety, do not, but despise it or at most regard it condescendingly as merely "fine archaeology." Such persons, says Kontoglous, "want to hear in the churches theatrical music and

(Continued on Page 47)

Arts of Cyprus

TWO ORIGINALS BY THE WELL KNOWN
GREEK ARTIST AND WRITER ATHENA TARSOULI



Potter's Shop at Lassitho (Cyprus)

Both of these originals which were sent special to Athene by Athena Tarsouli, are part of a collection of drawings with appropriate text, by this well known artist and folklorist, whose edition on the Dodecanese islands constitutes already a collector's item.



The Village House (Rizokarpaso, Cyprus)

**Two Antique
Copper Etchings
sent to Athene
by M. Phocas**



THE THESEION



DIOGENES' LANTERN

POETRY



Three Poems

by
Marian Dothwell



BYRON

Silence. The lamps of heaven are burnt low,
And fade into the pallid arch of dawn.
The night's last murky shadows are withdrawn,
And far below,
Steep'd in the silver stillness of the morn,
The sleepy ocean laps the rocky bourne,
In cadence slow.

Dimly, in sombre majesty's array,
Deep-cloven peaks and pinnacles arise,
Piercing the misty sapphire veil that lies
O'er valleys grey.
See where Parnassus' snows all glistening rise!
And high Olympus screens the saffron skies,
Where breaks the day!

These are those dreaming isles of drowsy peace,
Where lemon-groves their topaz garlands twine
With almond blossom and green-tass'd pine,
In rich increase.
Land of the gods! Art's full and teeming mine,
Fountain of beauty and of song divine;
Eternal Greece-

Alas ye hills, for woe hath pass'd among ye,
And haunts ye, melancholy fens, that gave
To Clio's pen sad chronicles and brave
Of ghosts that throng ye,
Where, like a silken pall, the purple wave,
Wraps in its mournful folds a poet's grave,
Dark Missolonghi!

Yet see'st those shapes with golden vapours ring'd,
That tarry in the coral vault of day?
Fame, with a brazen trump and garments gay,
And Victory wing'd,
And a great host of spirits hovering stay,
Some bearing wreaths of laurel, some of bay,
And viols sweet-string'd.

And with them, an illustrious company,
That whilom quaff'd th'ambrosial cup of rhyme:
Shakespeare, unmatched in eminence sublime,
And near him see
Marlowe, whose soaring muse the spheres doth climb,
And Milton, that with voice of cloister chime
Speaks harmony.

And others still of fam'd antiquity,
Homer, whose golden-threaded pages shine
With Sophocles and Aeschylus' proud line,
And with them she,
Most favour'd of the oft-illusive nine,
Sweet Sappho, crown'd with fragrant eglantine,
And fair to see.

And here Verona's venerated son,
Grave Dante, with his jewelled book display'd,
And Virgil robed in brilliance unallay'd,
And many a one
That softly treads the airy colonnade,
Young dreaming Keats, and Shelley's pensive shade,
In forms cloud-spun.

And in their wake, a clamorous multitude,
With waving banners and the martial drum,
In scarlet cap and phoustanella come,
In warlike mood,
That brake the tyrant yoke of Ottoman,
And their fair land her honour'd freedom won
From servitude.

Hark to the distant cannon echoing,
O'er many a hero's darkly smouldering pyre!
Whilst mid the firmament's avenging fire
The deep bells ring;
Immortal is that sweet melodious lyre,
Inspired of Hellas, that did her inspire,
Whose name they sing!

Byron, tho' sunless Newstead be thy tomb
Thine everlasting triumph's blazon'd here!
Behold thy glory's deathless pomp appear,
Here where the loom
Of changeful skies, doth conquest's colours wear,
And still thy poetry's flowering branches bear
Immortal bloom!



SONNET

(On finding the remains of an antique lamp
in the ruined theatre at Thorikos)
How many centuries have slip'd away
Since thou wast shapen of the potter's skill,
And shed thy precious light, frail lamp, that now
Liest broken on the bare and sun-parch'd hill.

Beside the ruin'd scene of Thorikos,
Where the dark sea would seem still echoing on
The voice of antique tragedy that was,
The grandeur of grave music long since gone.

Where springs the spark that fired the soaring line?
And where the glories that to such belong?
Who tunes the pleasing lyre to themes divine?
Who dares preserve sweet harmony in song?

Spilt is the oil that in this clay was pent,
The lamp is shatter'd and its light is spent.

MADRIGAL

Golden Summer, come to me!
Through the woodland, merrily
Spread thy mantle o'er the sea,
Fleckt with glistening broderie!

Bring thy train of nymphs that wear,
On their dew-spangl'd hair,
Coronals of flowerets fair
Pluckt in faery gardens rare.

With caressful fingers twine
Wreaths of sunbeams through the vine,
Deck the ways with eglantine,
Meadowsweet and celandine.

Let the wanton Zephyr bring
Vials of perfume on his wing;
Bid the ouzel sweetly sing,
In the hedgerow carolling.

Come thou dresst in silken veils
Wrought of gossamer that sails
On the soft breeze that exhales
Sweetest songs of nightingales.

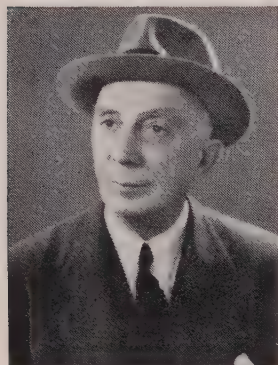
When chill blasts of Winter flee
And the swallows homeward be,
When awakes Persephone,
Golden Summer, come to me!



Poem

by

K. N. Konstantinides



K. N. Konstantinides was born in Alexandria and he has been active in Greek letters for several decades, as a poet, dramatist and critic. The poem on this page was written especially for Athene. Some of his most successful works include "The Song of the Sun-Blessed Maiden", the plays "Foteinoula" "The Bloody Laugh", "Apollo in Rhodes", a historical study on the Apollonic odes in collaboration with Athena Lindia. He also published "The Fountain" a collection of sonets "Rhodes" and the "Satyrs". Mr. Konstantinides is of Rhodian descent and now lives in Athens.

ATHENS

Golden Dream of my dreams,
O, Athens,
Let my Muse unfold its wings
In these unfettered lines,
That she, might sing of you,
O, Athens!

And crossing the wide expanse
of the Libyan sea
She lingers over the topaz-hued domain
of the Aegean
Its blazing azure-dipped sights
Sparkling with Hellenic pulse,
Sweetly musing

And in the company of your sea-gulls
She scintillates with joy
As she glimpses the stones of Sunium
And scans the blue-white spots
Of your beautiful lover
The Saronic gulf;
My muse is full of joy and my soul.

And that soft light of yours, O, Athens,
which unites the spirit of Gods
With the radiance of creators
In the charm of your sacred marbles,
The matchless charm of the Parthenon
The aetherial smile of your Kores,
What ideal man-uplifting
Does not find an altar to pray?
What city boasts of your effulgence?
What art the gentleness of your rhythm?
What beauty the imperishableness of your beauty?

O violet-filled mountains
And pine-lined seashores!
Where the waves sing of glories past
And love confides its secret sweet,
Kisses on the sand, kisses on the lips!

Your dawns virgins of Penteli.
Your mornings, redden the Hymetus!
Cradles of serenity your shady groves
As they shelter the guileless sheep
And longing embraces ecstasy!

Your twilights magic of colors
Swell the founts of sentiments rare
With enchanted moments of wizardry,
When our souls, erect like a candle
Are ready to confess our very being.

Your evenings intoxicate my inner self,
Your skies a smoothly flowing harmony,
And your new moons, Ah, what an enchanted sight
Like a glance of my beloved!

(1937)

Your beauty did not wane
Through years of slavery,
And if you suffered, O, my Athens
And innocent blood wetted your soil,
The laurel grows ever strong
And with the olive branch weaves a crown.
Athene brandishes her hardy spear
And Lo! the barbarian flees!
Let the paean ring
For victory is here!
And with his violin the Gypsy sings
Resurrection and glory to all lands.
The nightingale will sing at Colonnus
And through the open window
Liberty's swallows bring hope to every home
That felt waning pain.
Let flood-lights in gala array
Through every port, through every bay
Illumine your waters festive.

(Tr. by D. M.)



Two Poems

by
Gerasimos Abatis

●
Gerasimos Abatis hails from the historic island of Kefallinia, and since 1926 he has been an active poet and writer. He published "The Rape of the Sabine Women", "Smoke of a Flame" and has in preparation "Aesthetic Themes" and "New Centaurs".

LOVE FOR MAN

Embrace the light iridescent
Of the sea, the stars, the sun, the air.
The magic pulse of life ascendent,
of birds and flowers the kingdom fair,
And when you leave, gather still
The sighing, the colors of the darkening hill.

Gather in your heart and there store
All forms that breathe under the sun,
Those who have hopes, longings galore
Who suffer like you in grief or fun.
Ascend the heights of love that's true
Run away from the despot that's you.

You are a dew-drop from the same fount
A drop that rolls as Fate bids it go,
Then give life-surgings light to Love's mount,
An Easter-morn taper aglow.
If such a flame burns in your soul
Sing with Cherubim: Peace on earth to all.

AFTER THE RAIN

The dull skies splintered in shreds
Have spent their fury in rain,
But clear from their watery threads
The bejewelled skies are blue again.

Each tiny drop like a ruby
Trembles and sparkles in the sun,
The rainbow signals the end of this fury
While the birds cavort in fun.

Now that all things are bathed in light
And every color dances in the air
Give, Oh give a smile, sweet and bright
Bid your pain adieu, O fair!

And since the storm in your heart
Has spent itself in a shower of tears
Why not let your every trouble depart,
And wouldn't a smile nip all your fears?

(Tr. by D. M.)

Six Poems

by
Constance E. H. Donovan

FLOWER-MAKER

She tends her garden, shears-sound for the rain
and snips, and snips, red tulips out of where;
her blueveined hands annoy the tissue flesh
but the flower becomes anyway,
bursts from the lidless root in thick soil of dust

Lilies here, she counts them and then counts
the teabags in the canister, shoos the lewd flies
with a bright rag, uncouples them from herself
(there is no pollen in this scissors-work) and hoods
her fantastic head against the hoodlum crowd,

piles flowers in a basket a young girl once carried
gathering blooms lovelily in a field, well-bonneted
being frail as the smallest shoot; leaves perhaps
one tulip (cost of selling) on the table,
carries her wares out into a real world.

OUT IN THE WHITE PARKS

Out in the white parks my lover walks today
under the snow-blossoms blossom rolling on air,
gauze of sharp, disappointed breath. There
by the laced elm he walks and remembers me.

Not in the new year is happiness our hoping—
dawn breaks on twelve months' turning from the spring,
white blossoms will be fragrant and not cold
but still he'll walk where winter calls the sloping

out in the white parks, into endless winter.
Print after print, all-seasons' hungry walk
be his for he'll not ever know my waking,
nothing but variant wind and blossom banter.

MADGE

Her paper-face bobs up against the bars,
blows back and forth, only its painted eyes
alive in the cold cage keep up the count
and clock the dimes, the nickels, and bright scarves

There is no dream these hours lock away
(no goldfish overlay for her room's dark)
she sees the crowd fold back into itself
wave into wave like an accordion,

and stacks the shiny dimes upon its song
to watch the wheel run moveless back to move
until the marble clatters in the bowl,
stops at her wish and makes her win once more.

The last green shot has echoed down the rails,
time for the brown coat to be owned again,
the kerchief drawn down to the painted eyes
and home left here so she might be alone.

Now paper-night is filled out by the wind,
and like a Chinese dragon follows her
down the dead cobbles of her narrow street
breaking scarves into dimes and their green sounds.

SUNPORCH: INSANE ASYLUM

In the arrested peace of noon he sits,
a bit of dark glass at the moveless sun
and rocks, and rock-rocks, noiselessly rocks
contemptuous of the shadows upsetting the warm balance,

aware of nothing more and nothing less than
which is his leg, and which the shadow of it;
ponderables like these make him impatient
until it doesn't matter. Someone has screamed-

He cups his hands for the shearings of raw sound
that spatter down A windshield suddenly broken
intrudes, and his palms flecked with amazing red
flatten in flight like birds painted upon a dish—

they're glued against the pane of cobwebbed glass
All-knowing eyes glitter at the old death
peering into the very birth of his madness
while the chair rocks, empty, and empty the living man.

DEATH OF A POET

Teresa (blind-
knife) and it was
her name undid me

always thinking somewhat of it
needing her dressed in
a black habit, and white sails close to her head
the wind propelling down a concrete corridor to Mass:

Teresa,
the white sails full!

And Teresa a whore that didn't take money for it—
poems, instead
poems (when appearing in my room at night
like a candle to burn all-away air
from me except for lust) Teresa a whore
for poems

that didn't know how to read them.

* *

Now, Teresa, the water is inviting, and so light
I, light, I wear my clothes into it, leap
gracefully

new-winged into the pool. In
rapid, wonderful drop (I am) like
Shelley's bird. Oh, Eliot, Philomel. Oh

riding, riding
down to the pool,
all-swirling, cool: oh, Eliot, Philomel.
God Shelley, see

dear poem
Teresa

white sails full.

THE SPINSTER

Down her grey front the shadows crawl,
soft and pitying to the gross lap where her hands lie
coarsely apart, while (sculling down the cupboarded hall)
maid brings the tea to wrap it, too, in shadow,

goes. She bites the silence with the teeth of a sigh
and lifts the cup, shadow to shadow, fright
spatters hotly over the buttoned-in, bright-bright nipples
and thinking it tea she quickly grabs the napkin.

"Mary!" though the adversary is hers only,
slipping to the floor, an immense weight
moving away from the shadow to shadow, shudders
and gives over stilly, completely her quickest part.

—constance e. h. donovan



ALMA MATER

(Neo Bojiati, Attica 27 August 1948) by PHIVOS DELPHIS and translated from the Greek with collaboration of JAMES BOYER MAY

Life is nourished by the dream
and the dream by earth, mud and worms;
life is a chaos, worlds-bottomless gulf.
No one interprets their sense well:
birth and caries, life and death and waste—
the feelings which are filled by clay and stone
and light of soul which becomes dust—
the chasm which never is bridged,
the road to the desert.

Myself or ourselves, who found motherling, this plunge . . .

Myself, comprising all earth's tests,
lies prone now, flat in the dust.

Hermit or pilgrim voyager's the same;
for by neither, gains one strength everlasting.
And now I am singing the chaos that is thought,
and the music of the non-existent consonance.

I am the memory which has been dust,
he that became the voiceless desert;
I am the flame of vital breath that's void-lost.
I have been the endless source of this humanity;
the Alma Mater, eternal Greece! . . .

All things are coming from dream and chasm;
all our thoughts are coming from them,
that is the dreadful truth.
This beauty is nourished by this fleshly sting;
it is grown from earthly body;
and that which is ugliness in me, forms this beauty in you.
And my chaos is your rhythm
and harmony of the worlds.

Oh human sage, oh human dolt! . . .
this man and his struggle with this nature,
this man and his struggle with this life.
His epic, dramatic wrestling with himself . . .
All these which are spawned and improbable
and incredible.

The man and the voice: the voices of instinct
and the voices of mind.
Flows through world, what's partly joy, part sorrow,
the dread deep
the voracious deep,
the unyoked deep,
the black, the dark, that abyss
of instability and incohesion
and this death.

Oh! Alma Mater Europe, thou shalt be early dust.
However, thy dust shall be again in light;
thou shalt be some time a dead body,
old, holy Alma Mater—
and after awed quaking terror passes, Earth
shall again make the New East of the world,
Leader and Mother;
though never she yokes with her gold bridge the great chasm! . . .

(Continued on Page 25)

P. Sifnaios Speaks to Athene

(PANAYIOTIS SIFNAIOS, who now holds the rank of Minister in the office of the Prime Minister, has had a very interesting career. In November 1941, he founded the National Resistance Organization and published the secret newspaper "Mahi" (Combat). After the arrest of Gen. Papagos by the Germans, he sought to amalgamate the twelve resistance groups in Greece into a Panhellenic Liberation Union. In 1943 he escaped and joined the late King George in the Middle East, and was attached to the General Staff of the Allied Psychological Warfare Services. He served as Director General of the National Broadcasting Institute. He published the newspaper "El-liniki Proi" and is the author of several treatises on sociological subjects).



By MAVRETA JOAKIMIDES
(ATHENE CORRESPONDENT IN GREECE)

I found his excellency Mr. Sifnaios at his office in the old Palace building and he received me with great simplicity and friendliness. I told him I came to talk about the Greeks in America and he seemed very pleased with the subject as he has a great interest in Greek-Americans and a great love for America.

"I am glad" he started, "that you give me an opportunity to communicate with the Greeks of America through Athene Magazine. You know we only have the highest respect here for your publication".

"And what" I asked, "are your views regarding a closer intellectual understanding between Greece and America and between Greek-Americans and the Greek people in general".

"This subject" continued the minister, "has always been close to us, and we feel that it is one of the basic problems which this office has to consider from time to time, how to improve spiritual conditions between this country and America and particularly between Americans of Greek descent and their spiritual motherland".

"In cities like New York and Chicago where there are Greek-American communities of 100,000 and up, don't you think, Mr. Minister, that it would be a good idea to establish cultural centers of information for the interchange of spiritual and intellectual relations and for the encouragement of tourist trade with the mother country?"

"I agree with you on this point" Mr. Sifnaios answered. "As a matter of fact" he continued, "we

went to work and appointed a committee just for that purpose. The committee is at work now for ways and means to promote this very program. However, for a project of this nature we shall need the necessary appropriations. And as you know Greece is undergoing a serious economic crisis. The Government of Generalissimo Papagos has in mind to attend to all these projects, but first of all we have to lay the foundations of a strong economic policy and currency reforms. This will take a little time. But as soon as the groundwork for a strong economic policy is laid, I am sure that we shall be in a position to tackle with all these problems. We may not be able to do this during the present year, but I am sure we will be able to go through with it next year".

"How important, in your opinion, is the tourist trade for Greece?"

"Most important, Mrs. Joakimides. In fact, one of the main jobs we face is to make it possible for all who wish to come to Greece to enjoy their visit, and that includes, of course, the Greek-Americans. We should do everything to facilitate their coming, and to this end we are striving to institute salutary measures including currency reforms".

I thanked the Minister for his willingness to talk to the Greeks of America through Athene Magazine assuring him of our wholehearted cooperation with his great plans.

Greeks on the Western Hemisphere

By THEODORE N. CONSTANT, PAUL KOKEN
and SERAPHIM G. CANOUTAS*

I. During the Period of Discovery

Since the earliest period of history, the Greek race has given the world men who have been daring and skilled navigators. As Grote tells us, the only communication between the numerous islands and colonies of ancient Greece was maritime. He describes the Greek mariner as being "eager in search of gain—active, skillful, and daring at sea . . ."¹

The Greeks have always been noted for their adventures in foreign lands. Many centuries before the Norsemen, the Venetians, the Spanish, the Portuguese and the English appeared on the seas of the world, the Greeks and the Phoenicians were already famous as mariners on the Mediterranean. The mythical nautical adventures of the argonauts and the story of Ulysses more than symbolize the maritime adventures of the earliest Greeks. The people of the Greek Island Rhodes formulated the earliest code of maritime laws nearly a thousand years before our era, of which there is still extant the "article of jettison", or "Lex Rhodia de jactu". Marseilles was founded by Greek mariners. About 300 B. C., Pytheas, an ancient Greek navigator, is said to have discovered Iceland. During the Byzantine period, the Greeks of the Eastern Empire were keeping a navy quite famous, especially during the Macedonian Dynasty. These illustrations should be sufficient to indicate that the Greeks have always been seafaring.

It is quite natural to assume, therefore, that, after the fall of Constantinople and of the Byzantine Empire, when numerous Greeks sought refuge in various European countries, some of them, especially among the intrepid mariners, must have come to the New World which was discovered only forty years thereafter. Unfortunately, while European writers admit the contribution of the Byzantine exiles to the Renaissance, none of them tells much about the common Greeks and the adventurous mariners and tradesmen many of whom were attracted to the newly discovered Western Hemisphere. This was perhaps due to the prevalence of the nineteenth century opinion up to recent times that modern Greece was a small mediterranean country, unrelated to the ancient Hellas, and hence unimportant. Nor do the early writers of American history tell much about them, or, if they do mention some such Greek, they refer to him as the "Greek", "Grecian", "Griego", or with similar words denoting his nationality. However, most of the time many of these early Greek adventurers are not mentioned at all, or they are mentioned by Spanish, Russian, English or other national names, because the powerful and wise men of Europe believed that Greece was forever dead. Consequently, historians not only failed to record noteworthy accomplishments of these Greeks, but, on the contrary, found it expedient on many oc-

casions in blaming the Greeks for the many criminal and piratical acts of the time.

There are many instances of misnomers of Greeks which can be found in the official archives of Great Britain. A record, dated August 1, 1689, reads as follows: "Permit is granted to the Greeks, John Dye and John Dervish, to travel to Holland." The visa of the wife of one Col. Christopher Simpson, dated October 7, 1689, includes the name of their Greek servant by the name of "Jacob Greek". In the year 1552, King Charles V of England granted permit "in behalf of the Greek Philip James, general merchant in Ulm, allowing him to export yearly from England 1000 bales of fabrics of all kinds and 1000 bales of cashmeres".

Owing to such difficulties, and partly because of the wide dispersion of the Greeks and the diversity of their activities in the Western Hemisphere, very few Greek names can be traced in the history of those times, despite the fact that many Greek mariners are believed to have come to the New World from England, Spain and Italy where they lived. Nevertheless, there are a few traceable names of Greeks who are definitely linked with the discovery, exploration and settlement of the New World. Historical evidence places the Greeks in America among the pioneer stocks and not, as it is commonly believed, among the latest arrivals.

1. Christopher Columbus

The reader may be surprised at the inclusion of Columbus in this treatise. And yet if the reader is versed in the life of the great navigator he will know that Columbus's origin is by no means a settled question. There is abundant historical authority that the genealogy, time of birth, and place of birth of this great man are not definitely known. His early official biographers, Las Casas and Ferdinand Colon, his own son, "maintain on this point", Vignaud says, "a silence which is undoubtedly remarkable". And he adds: "Their silence, under all the circumstances, leads to the belief that they were intentionally mute, and that, for some reason or other which we cannot fathom, they did not wish to convey to us what they knew, what indeed they could not help knowing on the subject".² He calls their silence in this respect a "conspiracy".

We believe that it is within the scope of this treatise to cite a few authorities on a subject which is considered one of the greatest mysteries of history. Many races have claimed Columbus to be their own. With the possible exception of Italy we believe that no other race has greater right to claim him than Greece. If Columbus' own assertions are true, and if his son Ferdinand and Las Casas, his official contemporary biographers who had access to the admiral's papers and knew him intimately have truly

recorded his statements and papers, then we have enough facts to draw inferences which point to Columbus's origin as being Greek.

The mystery of Columbus' origin deepens as one contemplates all the inconsistencies and paradoxes surrounding his life. Research has so far shown that Columbus never signed his name as "Columbus", never directly revealed his origin or his age, and never corresponded with his parents. Although he was a very devout Christian, he is considered by many authors as a liar and a criminal. Although he was supposed to be a weaver up to his twenty-fifth year of age, he miraculously became a great admiral capable of commanding fleets and negotiating with the royal houses of Europe. Although his father was supposed to be a poor wool-weaver, he could send Columbus to a university. Although he was supposed to be Genoese, he fought against ships of his own country. Although he is supposed to have been born in Genoa, no record of his birth or his baptism were found. Although he is supposed to have died at Valladolid, Spain, on May 1, 1506, there is no record of his funeral and his remains have never been definitely identified.

From the **Historie** of Ferdinand Colon, the son and biographer of Christopher Columbus, and also from the **Historia de las Indias** of Bishop Las Casas, another biographer of the admiral, we get most of the information relating to the great navigator. Both biographers, as Vignaud states, wrote the life of Christopher Columbus "in its fullest details . . . knew him personally . . . had been in the closest relations with all the members of his family, and . . . had in turn all his papers in their hands".³ The **Historie** corroborated by Las Casas was the source book of Columbus' life up to 1871 when Henry Harisse sought to discredit it. However, this book remains as a precious authority on the subject despite the fact that modern historians consistently refuse to accept its authenticity on facts relating to Columbus origin and birthplace. In writing the **Historie**, Ferdinand says in his preface: ". . . I pledge myself to set down nothing which I do not find in his own papers or letters, or of which I have not actually been a witness". We see in the **Historie** that Columbus himself wanted his origin concealed. Ferdinand says: "And seeing that God had gifted my father with those personal qualities which so well fitted him for so great an undertaking, he was himself inclined that his country and original might remain hidden and obscure. * * and as most of my father's affairs were guarded by some special providence, his name and surname were not without some mysterious signification".⁴ (Our bold type).

It is intimated by Ferdinand and many authors that the admiral assumed the name of Christopher Columbus because of its symbolic meaning. The Latin word "columba" means "dove", and Christopher means "Christ bearer". This would mean that he considered himself the messenger who, like a dove, carried Christianity to pagan countries.

Referring to his father's progenitors, Ferdinand says:

To return to the quality and persons of his progenitors, however considerable they may

once have been, it is certain that they were reduced to poverty and want, through the long wars and factions in Lombardy. I have not been able to discover in what manner they lived; though in one of his letters the admiral asserted that his ancestors and himself had always traded by sea. While passing through Cuguero, I endeavored to receive some information on this subject from two brothers of the Colombi, who were the richest in those parts, and who were reported to be somewhat related to him; but the youngest of them being above a hundred years old, they could give me no information. Neither do I conceive this any dishonour to us his descendants; as I think



COLUMBUS DEPARTING FROM PALOS

it better that our honour be derived from his own person, without inquiring whether his father were a merchant, or a nobleman who kept hawks and hounds.⁵

Ferdinand, intentionally or not, seems to be in the dark with respect to his father's origin and birthplace. And this is so after his own personal investigation. If the Colombi above referred to were of the same family as the admiral they could not remain obscure and forgotten during the time when the name of Columbus became famous the world over.

Ferdinand proceeds:

Having laid a foundation in the before-mentioned sciences, he went to sea, and made several voyages both to the east and west. But

of these, and many other circumstances respecting his early years I have no perfect knowledge. I was so young at his death, that owing to filial respect, I had not the boldness to ask an account from him of the incident of his youth, and besides I was not then interested in such inquiries.⁶

When one Justiniani attempted to intimate in 1516 that the admiral was of low origin, Ferdinand undertook, as Winsor states, "to leave behind him a detailed account of his father's career, such as the admiral, though urged to do it, had never found time to write."⁷ The following paragraph appearing in the *Historie* is very significant because Columbus's own son gives his reasons why, as Luis Ulloa stated in the Congress of Americanists at Hamburg in 1930, that "Columbus could not be the son of Domenico Colombo the wool-weaver of Genoa". Ferdinand says:

Hence, contrary to the assertion of Justiniani, it appears from his own words that my father followed no handicraft or mechanic employment, but devoted his childhood to learning, his youth to navigation and cosmography, and his riper years to discoveries. * * When he had occasion to speak of so renowned a person who reflected so great honour on his country, although the admiral's parents had even been very mean, it had been more decent in mentioning his origin, as other authors have done, to have said that he was of low parentage or come of very poor people, instead of falsely calling him a mechanic, as he did in the Psalter, and afterwards in his Chronicle. Even supposing he had not contradicted himself; reason might have shown that a man who had been bred up in a mechanical employment, must grow old in it to become a perfect master, and could not from his youth have travelled into so many countries, or have attained so much knowledge and learning as his actions demonstrate; more specially in those four principal sciences which were so indispensably necessary to fit him from what he performed, astronomy, cosmography, geometry, and navigation.⁸

It is of the utmost importance to quote from the *Historie* the following paragraph which refers to the relation of Christopher Columbus to another famous Columbus:

The occasion of his first coming into Portugal arose from his attachment to A FAMOUS MAN OF HIS NAME AND FAMILY, named Columbu, long renowned on the sea as commander of a fleet against the infidels; insomuch that even in his own country his name was used to frighten young children. This man by the name of COLUMBUS THE YOUNG, to distinguish him from another great sea captain of the same name, was a person of great prowess, and must have commanded a goodly fleet, as he captured at one time four Venetian galleys.⁹ (Capital letters ours).

Columbus himself had spoken of these two illustrious "Coloni". He had admitted that he was

of the same name and family as Columbus the Young. We know that the admiral had travelled with him for a long time. Columbus the Young seems to have been Christopher Columbus' master and advisor, who made the latter go to Portugal and taught him the art of navigation and inspired him to great deeds. Until a half a century ago, the various writers on the life of Christopher Columbus could not find these two illustrious "Coloni". In vain were they searching the Genoese archives to find any admirals or mariners in the family of Columbus, since the great discoverer of America had said:

I am not the first admiral of my family, let them give me what name they please.¹⁰

They were puzzled as to whom Christopher Columbus meant, and who might be Columbu the Young, the implied master, adviser and inspirer of the great navigator.

During the later part of the past century there appeared in Paris two great American writers, already mentioned supra, **Henry Harrisse** and **Henry Vignaud**. The first was a naturalized American citizen and a prominent member of the New York Bar; the second one was a native of New Orleans, the first secretary and later counsel of the American Embassy in Paris. By coincidence both were born in 1830 and were scholars of note. As it appears from their learned works, many years of their life were spent in research on Columbus's life and his great discovery. Each of them made a thorough research in the archives of Spain, Italy and France and studied critically all that had been written before their time about Columbus and his discovery. Each consulted all available manuscripts relating to the subject and each published learned books and pamphlets. Both writers reached the conclusion that the *Historie* of Ferdinand Colon and the *Historia de las Indias* of Bishop Las Casas should be accepted with caution. Neither of them, however, or any one else, for that matter, has ever been able to this day to solve the great mystery of Columbus' life, except Seraphim G. Canoutas, now deceased, in his momentous book, **Christopher Columbus, a Greek Nobleman**, published by himself in 1943.

Harrisse and Vignaud, however, succeeded in finding out who the two illustrious predecessors of Columbus were. They tell us that in the 15th century, while Christopher Columbus was a youth, there were two famous mariners in the Mediterranean, who were neither Genoese nor Italians. One was the French Admiral Coulon and the other was the Greek George Palaiologos Bissipat, called Columbus the Younger, to distinguish him from the French Admiral Coulon. Thanks to Harrisse and Vignaud, we can now read about these two great mariners in French and Italian histories. They also tell us that Admiral Coulon was a favorite personage in the Court of King Louis XI, very famous for his naval victories and piratical exploits against the Venetian and other enemies of France, all of which gave cause for the writing of thrilling descriptions in French and Venetian histories. Admiral Coulon's real name was Guillaume Casenove.

George Palaiologos Bissipat, or Columbus the Younger, who apparently was serving for many years

under the French Admiral Coulon, took the name of Columbus the Younger, because he was just as terrible as the French Coulon, and was also a favorite person in the Court of Louis XI and his successor Charles VIII. Harrisse and Vignaud traced his genealogy and found that he was a Greek who, after the fall of Constantinople, fled to France and became acquainted with the King of France. He entered the French naval service and the French King used him in many important expeditions and other missions in his intrigues against the Spaniards, English, Venetians and others. He was also given a signeur's palace at Bourdeau, became French citizen, and rendered valuable services to France. He sailed with two ships and 300 men in 1483 to Vert Island near the Cape Vert in the coast of South Africa. In one official document dated August 24 1460, reference is made to him as **Georges le Grec**, chevalier, conseiller et chamberlan due roi et vice-compte de Falaise. It appears that the name Palaiologos came from his mother's side and Bissipat (Dihyppatos) from his father's side. In Byzantine time it was customary to use many names. His remote ancestor was twice a consul (Hyppatos) in the Eastern Roman Empire prior to Justinian's time. Hence his name was derived in that manner. When Christopher Columbus refers to his noble ancestry, no doubt he refers to the same noble common ancestry shared by Columbus the Younger, who, obviously was proud of his ancestry because even under the French flag he made no attempt to conceal his Greek nationality.

Ferdinand in his **Historie** mentions his father's service under Columbus the Younger as follows:

While the admiral my father sailed along with Columbus Junior, which he long did, they received intelligence of four Venetian galleys being on their voyage from Flanders, and going in quest of them, came up with them near Cape St. Vincent on the coast of Portugal. A furious contest took place, in which the hostile vessels grappled with each other, and the crews fought with utmost rage, not only using their hand weapons but artificial fire-works. The fight continued with great fury from morning till night; when the vessel in which my father was took fire, as did likewise a great Venetian galley to which she was fast grappled by strong iron hooks and chains. In this dreadful situation neither of them could be relieved, on account of the confusion and terror of fire, which increased so rapidly that all who were able of both crews leapt into the water, preferring that death to the torture of fire. In this emergency my father being an excellent swimmer, and having the good fortune to lay hold of an oar, made for the land, which was little more than two leagues distant. Sometimes swimming, and at other times resting on the oar, it pleased God, who preserved him for the accomplishment of greater designs, that he had sufficient strength to attain the shore . . . "

Ferdinand quotes his father as saying: "I went first to sea at fourteen years of age, and have followed that profession ever since." In another

place of his **Historie** he quotes his father: "in one place of his own writings he says that he had been at sea during twenty-three years, without being on shore for any length of time. It seems reasonable that Christopher Columbus served as corsaire under the two above-mentioned Coloni, Admiral Coulon and George Palalologos Bissipat, or Columbus the Younger, from a tender age. It is, therefore, obvious that he could not be a permanent resident of Genoa and a weaver until 1473 or 1475, as most of the learned writers maintain.

Reconstructing somewhat his early life on the basis of his own writings or statements and the writings of his biographers, Ferdinand and Las Casas, that he could not be a weaver and then become an admiral, we can explain his rise in a logical way

*l'almirant-major / l'almirant
vobis Hy, ygobernador general de las yndias
S. A. S. 1509/
X M Y
XPO FERENS /*

COLUMBUS' GRECO-LATIN SIGNATURE

rather than attribute it to mysterious or miraculous reasons. It is apparent that he started with those two Coloni as a ship boy or "muzzo" at 14. Then he became a sailor, an officer and captain. He envied his "illustrious predecessors", the two Coloni. He got himself connected with Columbus the Younger who was his relative and whose great deeds are worthy of imitation by the youngsters. At any rate, having served under these two great mariners, Columbus acquired a vast experience in seafaring and he learned all the intrigues of the Courts of Europe and all the tricks of piracy. He became captain and as such made many voyages himself or accompanying his superiors. He had an excellent opportunity to travel and get first hand knowledge about the ocean and the earth from other navigators and wise men, Latins, Greeks, Indians, and Moors and of many other sects and nations, as he states. It is logical that Columbus was guided in his great plan to find a new route to India by his relative who must also have introduced him to the ruling houses of Europe, for it was impossible for a commoner or a poor weaver to enter palaces and negotiate with kings. He had to conceal his origin to attain his ends. To the Catholic Monarchs of Spain he pretended to be a fanatic Catholic of Genoese origin, anxious to make known the Gospel to the pagans of other countries, and he promised them riches and the propagation of the Catholic faith and to liberate the Holy Sepulchre from the infidels.

There is certainly no logic in the orthodox theory that Columbus was a permanent resident of Genoa, a weaver until he was twenty-five years or thirty years old, that he suddenly disappeared to be

found in 1476 at Lisbon, living there by unknown means or making maps and charts, and in 1479 or 1480 marrying a novice of a convent, and then beginning to work the big idea of the route to India. The writers who maintain this theory base their opinion on the fact that they found certain documents or notarial acts, signed by the alleged father Dominico, and two or three alleged depositions of Columbus himself, purporting to show his origin, his place of birth, his occupation and citizenship. And yet exhaustive investigations have failed to reveal any relatives who knew him, or that he knew or spoke Italian, or any evidence of his baptism in the Catholic faith. There is also a strong possibility of coincidence because the name "Colombo" of that day was just as prevalent as our names of, say, "Jones" or "Smith" today. Charges have been often made that forgery and destruction of documents were resorted to after Columbus became famous.

Except the instances already cited against the Columbus' Genoese origin, the following may also be added: No one could discover the birthplace of relatives of Columbus, and none came forth to declare himself as his relative. According to Thacher, one Gallo borrowed his information about Columbus' Genoese origin from one Peter Martyr d'Anghiera that he was from Genoa and a weaver. The Genoese Government never showed any interest in his activities or his citizenship during his life. His citizenship, as a matter of fact, became an issue before Spanish Courts which never recognized it as being Genoese. The Catholic Sovereigns with whom he dealt, contrary to a general practice to mention citizenship and nationality after names, never did so in Columbus' case in granting letters patent or in other writings referring to him. He certainly must have been a matricide if he was a Genoese, because he fought on the side of the French against the Genoese fleet in 1476 as we have seen. Neither he nor his two brothers knew or spoke Italian although allegedly raised in that language. Both his official biographers, his son Ferdinand and Las Casas, denied that he was a woolweaver from Genoa.

Both Ferdinand and Las Casas mention the fact that Columbus had taken trips to the Island of Chios where he saw mastik drawn from trees. Las Casas mentions in the 3rd Chapter of his *Historia* that Columbus made trips to "the islands of the Archipelago".¹²

Christopher Columbus never signed his name as such. He always used a cipher consisting of three lines of capital letters with the word "XPOFERENS" at the bottom. Some of the letters are or may be Greek. The word itself consists of two parts, the first half in Byzantine Greek meaning "Christ" and the second half in Latin meaning "bearer", in lieu of the word "Christopher". No one has been able to decipher this signature satisfactorily. The word "XPOFERENS" in all probability symbolizes the quality of his allegiance, the Greek part denoting his Greek origin and the Latin part, his loyalty to the Latin Sovereigns. Signature ciphers were extensively used in Middle Ages by Orthodox Patriarchs, Popes and other persons of importance.

There is no doubt that Columbus was concealing his nationality, his real name, his birthplace, and his

family. Because the early historians and officials who dealt with him were of one allpowerful faith, Columbus could be excused from revealing his nationality and faith.

The few instances which point to the conclusion that he was of noble Greek blood, can be summarized as follow: His personality and manners disclosed a man of noble breeding and background. His education, his friendship with powerful men and royal houses of the day indicated that he was known to them not as an unknown wool-worker of Genoa but as a scion of a noble family of admirals. The assertion that he was related to George Palaiologos Bissipat, or Columbus the Younger, is a definite link which reveals his genealogy. His signature with the Byzantine parts, his trips to Chios and other islands, his versatility in seafaring, and the fact that the Catholic sovereigns acknowledge his noble origin and allowed him to use his coat of arms, indicate strongly that his origin was noble.

In closing, we insert the following three paragraphs from CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS A GREEK NOBLEMAN, p. 171:

One more, in summary. By assuming that the discoverer of America was a kinsman of Colon the Younger, we can now easily explain why he was so reticent about his country and why he acted like a "fugitive from justice"; we can further explain his frequent lamentations in his writings, his suffering "from a persecution complex", and his reference to himself as "a poor foreigner" in Spain with no support from any other Prince or Government than the Spanish. The reason for all this was that he was indeed an unfortunate "man without a country". Had he been a Genoese-born citizen, he would have had the right to the protection of his state in view of the fact that he was never naturalized either in Spain or in Portugal. And naturally the Genoese Government would have intervened in his behalf while he was maltreated in the Iberian Peninsula.

We can also understand how he was able to get in touch with King Renè and make his disputed voyage to Tunis, like the other one to Thule, both indeed "utterly impossible" for a humble young Genoese woolworker. On the same assumption, we can explain the hitherto inexplicable "mystery" of his marriage into a noble family of Portugal and his intimate friendship with King John II; his correspondence with the Kings of France and England; his inclination constantly to associate with great personages, divines and men of letters; his stupendous or "exorbitant" demands of the Catholic sovereigns and his high sense of dignity; his ability "in commanding the respect of the learned, of ministers and courtiers", and his "strange project" of a crusade; his brother Bartholomew's residence at the court of France, and innumerable other questions about his life which in no other way or manner can be explained.

Why then should we reject the testimony of the Discoverer that he was not the first ad-

(Continued on Page 46)

Modern Greek Legend

THE PALACE OF KING NESTOR

By C. W. BLEGEN

Professor of Classical Archaeology, University of Cincinnati

Remains of a Mycenaean palace were discovered in April 1939 in western Messenia, when a small exploration was undertaken by a joint Greek-American expedition. The work was conducted by Dr. K. Kourouniotis, Director of the National Museum in Athens, representing the Greek Archaeological Service, and Professor Carl W. Blegen, representing the University of Cincinnati. The aim of the undertaking was to search for prehistoric settlements and cemeteries and especially to find the residence of the kings whose mortal remains were believed to have been buried in several Mycenaean tholos tombs which Dr. Kourouniotis has found and excavated in this region.

The site of the palace was identified at a place called Epano Englianos, a flat-topped hill between the villages of Chora and Koryphasion; it stands just to the west of the highway that leads from Kyparissia to the modern town called Pylos, at a point halfway between the 44th and 45th kilometer posts, as counted from Kyparissia. A few trial trenches revealed the walls and floors of a palatial building of Mycenaean times, which had been destroyed in a great fire, and also brought to light a small Archives Room in which were recovered some 60 inscribed clay tablets and fragments. They bear inscriptions written in a form of writing which Sir Arthur Evans first discovered at Knossos and which he names Minoan Linear B.

The results of the brief exploration were highly encouraging and plans were made for a proper excavation in the following years. The outbreak of the world war, however, prevented the realization of the project; and it was only this summer after a delay of more than a decade that it finally became possible to return to Englianos to begin the systematic excavation that was planned. Following the lamented death of Dr. Kourouniotis in 1945 Spyridon Marinatos, Professor of Prehistoric Archaeology in the University of Athens, was appointed to succeed him as representative of the Greek Archaeological Service, while Mr. Blegen continues to represent the University of Cincinnati.

Establishing its headquarters in the village of Chora, the expedition in 1952 divided its work into two sections. Professor Marinatos took charge of the investigation of a large and important Mycenaean cemetery of chamber tombs at Volymidia in the upper outskirts of Chora. He has already presented a summary of his discoveries. Responsibility for the excavation of the palace at Epano Englianos fell to Mr. Blegen who had as collaborators Professors George Mylonas of Washington University,

St. Louis, and Eugene Vanderpool of the American School of Classical Studies, and Mr. D. Theocharis of the Greek Archaeological Service. Digging continued more than 7 weeks from May 29 to July 19. Funds for the excavations were provided in behalf of the University of Cincinnati by Professor and Mrs. W. T. Semple.

A broad strip through the central part of the palace was cleared, and the megaron complex was revealed. It consisted of a great hall, an anteroom and a portico, oriented from NW to SE, and in many respects similar to the corresponding apartments at Tiryns.

The great hall, measuring some 11 by 13 m. (36 by 42 feet), had at its center a large raised hearth 4.02 m. (13 feet) in diameter. It was coated with hard lime plaster and was found in an excellent state of preservation. It rose ca. 0.25 m. (10 to 12 inches) above the floor in a two-stepped profile, had a broad flat border on top and a slightly depressed central area. The vertical face of the lower step, the horizontal ledge above it, and the wide border were found to bear painted decoration, a flame pattern, triangles and running spirals, showing traces of at least 3 colors. The floor itself, also made of lime plaster, was divided by paired incised lines into square panels, a little more than 1 m. (40 inches) on a side. Each panel carried painted decoration, arcs, chevrons, wavy lines, circles, etc; no two exactly alike have yet been noted. At the right hand side of the room is a place for a throne, as at Tiryns, and beside it is a basin-like hollow in the floor from which a narrow channel leads ca. 2 m. (6½ feet) northwestward to a second similar hollow — possibly a place for libations poured by the king who sat on the throne. The ceiling and roof were supported by 4 fluted wooden columns which stood on stone bases not placed with exact symmetry.

The hall opened through a broad doorway — probably closed only with hangings, since no pivot holes have been found in the massive stone threshold blocks — upon an anteroom of equal width, but only some 5 m. (16 feet) deep. Here, too, just to the left of the door as one emerged (to the right as one entered), there is in the floor a raised platform, presumably the place for another throne or seat. The floor is not so well preserved as that in the great hall, but like the latter it was clearly marked off into squares. All the walls (which still stand to a height of 3 or 4 feet) were coated with plaster which bore frescoes. Many fragments were recovered, but they have not yet been sufficiently

studied for a determination of the subjects of the paintings. There may be a door from the anteroom to the southwest leading to other apartments of the palace.

From the anteroom a broad doorway gives southeastward upon the portico which, as at Tiryns and Mycenae, had a two columned facade, evidently fronting on a court. The columns, made of wood, rested on heavy stone bases. Here as well as in the hall and anteroom it is clear that the floor was repeatedly renewed until it rose some .10 to .15 m. (4 to 6 inches) above the original level. The new plaster was laid against the columns while they were still standing on their stone bases, which thus came to look as if sunk, beneath the pavement.

The whole suite of rooms was destroyed in a devastating fire which has left abundant evidence everywhere. Much wood was used in the construction of the building — horizontal, vertical and transverse beams in the walls, great timbers to support the ceiling and roof, broad casings for the doors, and the intensity of the fire is thereby adequately explained. There are indications that the building, in some places at least, rose in two stories; and a balcony apparently ran around the four sides of the great hall. The walls of the super-structure seem to have been built of crude brick.

Investigations in the southeastern part of the palace uncovered three small chambers adjoining the Archives Room, one closely connected with the latter, since it yielded more than 300 further inscribed tablets and fragments of tablets. These are for the most part coated with a hard lime accretion which

will have to be removed before the tablets can be mended, photographed, and copied.

To the southwest of the megaron a trial trench brought to light the end of a room filled with countless kylixes (drinking cups) and in the same quarter in another room was found a considerable deposit of cooking vessels. Further digging in this direction was deferred till next year. Here and there in other places single vessels or nests of pots were unearthed on the paved floors, which seem to extend everywhere throughout the building. Most of the pottery is of plain undecorated types, but a few examples with painted designs suggest that the palace was destroyed at the end of the phase called L H III B or the beginning of L H III C, that is, some time near 1200 B. C.

The size and the architectural style of the structure place it unmistakably at the same chronological, cultural and economic level as the palaces at Mycenae and Tiryns. The evidence from Englianos together with that from the cemetery of chamber tombs being excavated by my colleague Professor Marinatos at Chora makes it clear that we are not dealing with a minor provincial area, but with a metropolitan center of Mycenaean civilization. Greek tradition records but a single ruling dynasty of kings along the lower west-Peloponnesian coast, that of the Neleids, of which Nestor was the most illustrious scion. He supplied 90 ships for the Trojan war, exceeded only by Agamemnon himself, who provided 100. Actual documentary proof is still lacking — perhaps we shall have it when the inscribed tablets can be read — but surely there can be no doubt that it is the palace of Nestor that has come to light and that Epano Englianos must be recognized as the site of Pylos of the Heroic Age.

BANK OF GREECE FETES GREEK-AMERICANS



A group from the Bank of Greece reception in honor of the 1000 Greek-American tourists, mostly Arcadians and Cretans who arrived on the S.S. Nea Hellas. Here we see the leader of the Pan-Arcadian Excursion, Mr. Arthur H. Peponis (5th from L) flanked on the left by Mavreta Joakimides, Athene Correspondent in Greece and on the right by N. Harisopoulos, president of the Bank of Greece Employees Ass'n. Mr. Peponis is a past president of the Pan-Arcadian Federation of America, and is nationally known in America for his many civic minded activities.

Two Poems

by George Coutoumanos



From his new book entitled "Soul Emanating Poems" Miss Rea Dalven has translated these two for Athene. Mr. Coutoumanos has published a number of volumes already and his poetry is well liked in America.

TO GHOST FOREST

By GEORGE COUTOUMANOS

(Translated from the Greek by Rae Dalven)

On desolate spots of sandy dunes
Where trees sprawl over the land
Like the bones of old Megatheria
Buried in pallets of sand —
There where it seems a deadly sickle's
Fierce kill of sombre spirits' trail,
The forested earth mowed down,
A siphon the gale . . .
There where an omnipotent rage
Left not a verdant mark . . .
Bare bodies traversing the wind
Night-howling in the dark —
And in the moonlit night
Where shadows alter the course they trod,
It seems as though skeletons stalk
On their desolate sandy sod . . .
So too when wars once begin
Leaving heaps of ruined nights —
Phantoms seem to night-roam,
The massacred roam on moonlit nights.

TO LAKE KALAMAZOO

By GEORGE COUTOUMANOS

(Translated from the Greek by Rae Dalven)

O cool little river-lake,
Namesake of your river, offspring sublime,
Gem of the pretty village, mistress of frills,
Adorned by the sun cosmetics of time . . .
You wear your bridal gown of gold
Like some Sand-dune bride,
The sky's clouds are your mirror,
And you change, change your face with pride . . .
Since you sleep in nocturnal blackness,
The forests in the wind keep a vigil course,
The waves start a dance in secret,
What wave will first embrace your shores.

My little Lake Kalamazoo you resemble
The Indian girl, an unknissed virgin
Who sang in full voice, hallowed
Like an exotic Michigan siren.

And I reflecting my sorrow for years,
In your crystalline waters deep
Joyously sing of your beauties
Even in the hour when I sleep.



PRELUDE

By GEORGE THEMELIS

Translated by JOHN DAWSON

Let the sun stop.

Let him turn back for a moment to see its other face,
the other sun who is rolling on the world below.

The horses are waiting for us,
and the carriages with lowered flags.

The plains that will appear behind the eagle's back,
When the heads of the gorgeous armies in the fields will be
severed,

When the last disk will fall down behind the heaps.

I don't sing the return of vessels
Nor the stars embroidering heliotropes on the summer belt,
Nor the swallows going to the sky,
To take the blood of a dawn for colouring flowers.

I hear what the big trees say,
What the fountains sing, What the seashores write
And the sea with white handkerchiefs and full of light.

The shells hear in the depth opening their sky-lights.
The fishes hear and remember the wind
And wish to change wings, become young girls.
And the men who walk on the earth take a deep breath.

They saddle by night, by night they pass and disperse at dawn
Can wither the flowers of the rocks, which death has bloomed.
Who shine on the pillows when they sleep at night.

They shine and dream of a great love,
a great son,
Having a sun in his hair, a moon for mirror
And the eagle on his face to guard his sleep.

(Ode, 1949)



MOTHER OF WISDOM'S BIRTH

Mother of wisdom's birth, awake! awake!
And heal the sanctified wounds of modern war
That new barbarians brought to your glorious land;
Invoke your genius of old,—let Zeus behold
Ten Odysseus' where Athena guided Homer's one.

Liberty's eternal spark, Greece, once more made free,
Vision the yet unbuilt nation of Tomorrow;
In Self affirmed, sow wisely fresh seeds
To breed again Hellenes upon a sacred earth
Where poets dreamed Plato's Perfect State.

Oh Hellas! loving Mother, unwearied of love
With outstretched arms, we, your children from afar,
Thrill with your joys and weep when sorrows bind you.
Spread guiding wings over thy nurslings far away,
Love them; they shall return to aid you, and make you great.

—PAUL PRODROMIDIS

Dec. 1945

Modern Greek Legends

The One Thing Forgotten

By THEODORE GIANAKOULIS

There once lived a king and a queen who had all of the world's blessings except one. They ruled a most beautiful land of seven kingdoms, and they were loved by their happy and prosperous people. But they were sorrowful because they had no children.

Sometimes the king would sit silent for a long while, his eyes very sad. When the queen would try to cheer him, he would sigh and ask her:

"Who will gladden us in our old age and care for us when we are sick and feeble? Who will have our throne and rule our good people after we are gone?"

The good queen would lower her head sadly, and she would not be able to answer him.

At other times the queen would drop her embroidery or her spinning and look far away, her face very sad. When the king would remind her of all that she possessed to make her happy, the happiness and love of the people; their faith and trust, peace and prosperity, surely that should be enough to gladden any heart, she would sigh and ask him:

"Isn't a house without children empty? A woman's heart without children is more empty still. Children are what birds are to the springtime and flowers to the garden. If the roses do not bloom, what is the garden but a desert, and if the robins do not sing, is not the spring dull and joyless?"

Then the king would shake his head, and he would not be able to answer her.

One day the queen was in her garden. Her maidens had danced and sung for her, but she had grown tired and sent them away. She found no pleasure in anything around her, the fountains that played in the golden sunlight, or the flowers that fluttered in the breeze. She was looking very far away, without seeing anything, when suddenly she realized that a bent, old woman was standing before her, leaning on a stick.

"Who are you?" asked the queen, surprised. "How did you come here? Aren't the gates guarded?"

The old woman shook her white head and smiled as she replied:

"Did you say gates? Ah! All gates open before me. I go everywhere and I know at each moment what all the people are thinking. I am Fate!"

The queen drew back. She stared at the wrinkled old face with its deep fathomless eyes that seemed to see everything.

"Why do you come to me?" she asked in a frightened voice.

"I have heard you all these years mourning because you have no child. Now I have come to tell you that your wish will be granted."

"Oh, is it true?" the queen cried. "How happy you have made me! I shall call the king so that he can share my joy."

The king was glad also when he heard the prophecy of Fate.

"You shall have a son," the old woman continued, "but you must tell me what virtues you wish him to have, and these qualities will be fated to him on the day of his birth".

The king and queen, very much excited, thought of a hundred gifts that they would like Fate to give their son. The king spoke first:

"May he have long life," he wished, "and may his days, filled with health and usefulness, stretch out to an old age of wisdom and renown."

"So it shall be," pronounced Fate, slowly nodding her head.

"Oh, may he be good," wished the queen. "May he always walk in the path of uprightness and may he be known among men for his loyalty, truth, and honor."

"So it shall be," pronounced Fate, slowly nodding her head.

"He shall be brave," said the king, "and strong, but humble and human . . ."

"So it shall be," pronounced Fate, slowly nodding her head.

"Then he must be good and kind also," said the queen. "His heart must be generous and tender toward the poor or rich alike, friends and enemies".

"So it shall be," pronounced Fate, slowly nodding her head. "Now I must go. Have you anything more to ask of me?"

"No, good mistress, we can ask for nothing more," replied the king. "Our son is to be long-lived, wise, honored, strong, courageous, honest, loving, humble and human, what more could we want?"

"You have been kind to us," added the queen.

"Very well," said the old woman. She turned away and went slowly across the garden, leaning heavily on her stick.

The king and queen looked at each other with great happiness in their eyes. Suddenly the queen rose with a cry of distress.

"Oh, we forgot one thing! We have made a mistake. We forgot the most important of all."

"What did we forget?" asked the king.

"We forgot to ask Fate to make our son beautiful . . ."

Fate had heard the queen's cry and slowly she came habbling back across the garden. When she had reached them, the queen told her what had been forgotten.

"What's done is done and cannot be undone", said Fate, slowly shaking her head, "Your son is fated."

"But if he should be ugly," said the queen with a shudder, "what good are all other virtues in the world?"

"Very well," agreed Fate. "I cannot add to the ones you have already chosen, but I can replace one of them by beauty, if you wish. Say which one . . ."

(Continued on Page 42)

KANELOS-RELIAS WEDDING BRIGHTENS CHICAGO SOCIAL SEASON

The wedding, early in June of Miss Sophia Kane-los, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew G. Kane-los of River Forest, Ill., to Mr. George Relias, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gust Relias of Chi-cago, united two of the most prominent Chicago families and will be remem-bered as one of the outstanding social events of the 1953 season.

The bride is the daughter of the well known business man and community leader, Mr. Andrew G. Kane-los, founder and owner of the Andes Candies Company, said to be one of the leading candy manufacturing or-ganizations in the country. Likewise the groom is the son of Mr. Gust Relias, a leading commission merchant in the South Water Market district in Chicago, who is known also as the Christmas Tree king.

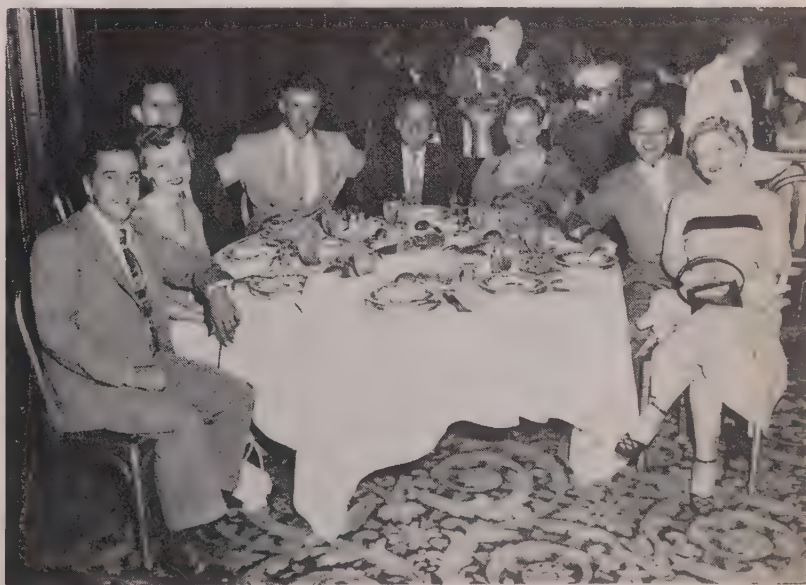
The bride has been educated at Florida Southern College, while Mr. George Relias is completing his graduate law work at De Paul University in Chicago.



THE WEDDING FAMILY GROUP: (L to R) MR. and MRS. GUST RELIAS; THE NEWLYWEDS MR. and MRS. GEORGE G. RELIAS AND THE CHARMING BIDE'S PAENTS, MR. and MRS. ANDREW G. KANELOS



CHICAGO'S POPULAR MAYOR, MARTIN H. KENNELLY, DANCING WITH THE LOVELY BRIDE AT THE RECEPTION FOLLOWING THE KANELOS-RELIAS WEDDING CEREMONY.



A GROUP PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE KANELOS-RELIAS WEDDING MAGNIFICENT RECEPTION AT THE PALMER HOUSE IN CHICAGO. SEATED FROM LEFT, ARE THE BUSINESS MANAGER OF ATHENE AND ATHENE RADIO PROGRAMS, MR. JOHN DARIOTIS AND MRS. DARIOTIS.



NEW YORK

By
JOHN BELASCO

DOMINATING STATUES: New Yorkers and out of town visitors are easily attracted by fabulous Greek statues in outstanding art centers of our Eastern Metropolis. At the lobby of the towering United Nations Organization structure, which covers six blocks, people gather to admire the huge bronze statue of Zeus, chief God of the Hellenic race. This statue which is nude is a reproduction of a sixth century B.C. masterpiece, and is a gift to UNO by Greece.

Two other colossal statues which have been viewed by millions are the works of an American artist. They are Atlas and his brother Prometheus. Atlas carries over his shoulder a sphere, and has been placed at the Rockefeller Center facing fashion-



able 5th Ave. and 51st St. Prometheus who passes on the light is situated at the promenade of the Rockefeller Plaza nearby.

At the Metropolitan Museum of Arts, one of the world's largest collection of Greek art abound everywhere. The latest addition is a famous Aphrodite secured in 1952 by the Fletcher Fund for \$300,000.

This beautiful work has the art critics raving ever since it arrived here. It offers a good competition to the famous Venus De Milo, the Aphrodite that is the glory of the Louvre. This statue of the Goddess of Love has a luscious and graceful appeal. One mystery is, who was its creator. It's believed to be a 4th Century work, perhaps by the immortal Praxiteles himself.

This newest Aphrodite is situated at the left wing of the museum, known as the Greco-Roman section, where several other Greco-Roman masterpieces are to be found. The museum authorities took special pains to present the statue right, and the fact is that right from the start it proved a drawing card. Aphrodite has a room of her own, draped in brown, featuring Greek columns and a tiny garden circling the statue. Triangle shaped mirrors protruding from the garden enable visitors to get a better view of details. While I stood there someone asked one of the guides how come all this beauty of Greece was destroyed and who was responsible for it. The apt reply was that the coming of Christianity over Greece with its over-jealous anti-pagan devotees, during early Byzantine times is in part responsible for the destruction and mutilation of much Greek art, but then time too played a devastating role. At any rate, the recovery of these remnants of ancient Greek art give us a glimpse of what the real thing was the height of its glory.

★



MRS. WILLIAM KALAMARAS

THE WEDDING of Miss Argyroula K. Patapis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Constantine Patapis of New York to Mr. William Kalamaras, son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Kalamaras of Perthamboy, N. J., was solemnized at Evangelismos Greek Church, New York. The Rev. George Nassis officiated. Best man duties were performed by Peter Kolias of Perthamboy. Mrs. George Ritsos, sister of the bride, served as maid of honor. A considerable crowd of friends and relatives attended. Our congratulations.

STATHAS-JOHNSON WEDDING

Highlights North Shore Social Season



MRS. PIERRO C. JOHNSON, THE CHARMING BRIDE

The wedding of Miss Thalia P. Stathas, daughter of the socially prominent Mr. and Mrs. Pericles P. Stathas of Highland Park, Ill., to Mr. Pierro C. Johnson, prominent young lawyer, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Johnson of Chicago, which took place at Highland Park, Ill., has been hailed as one of the smartest social events of the season.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. Pericles R. Stathas, a well known utility engineer, who is senior partner of Duff & Phelps, an outstanding Chicago utilities firm. She is a graduate of Smith College.

The groom, though young in years, has had already a varied career. His father, C. N. Johnson Sr., is the founder of the nationally known De Met's, Inc., a candy manufacturing firm with headquarters in Chicago. Pierro was admitted to the Illinois Bar in 1942 having previously attended Lake Forest Academy, University of Chicago (Psi Upsilon A.A.) and Northwestern University Law School

(Phi Delta Phi). He enlisted in the Navy in 1942, and was commissioned, intelligence in Egypt 1943; Ass't U. S. Navy Attachè, Athens 1945; won Bronze Star, Knight's Cross of George I of Greece. He followed graduate studies at Harvard Law School (1946-1947), and at the University of Paris, School of Political Sciences (1947-1948).

He was a candidate for Alderman, 42nd Ward, Chicago, 1951; directed Young Republican Radio Campaign for Hunter for Mayor, Chicago. He was chairman of arrangements for Young Republicans National Federation at the 1952 Convention in Chicago. He is now president of the 42nd Ward Young Republican Club, and he served also as national co-chairman of Youth for Eisenhower-Nixon in the middle west.

Pierro is in addition vice-president of De Met's Candies, Inc., since 1942, and has been in general practice with Johnson & Wiles of Chicago since 1949.



AS-JOHNSON NUPTIALS: The family group. Mr. and N. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Pericles Stathas, and of the lovely bride and her groom, Pierro.

CUTTING THE CAKE: Mr. and Mrs. Pierro Johnson seem pleased with this chore.

SCENE FROM THE WEDDING BREAKFAST FOLLOWING CEREMONY: C. N. Johnson, Jr., the groom's brother, was best man at the wedding.

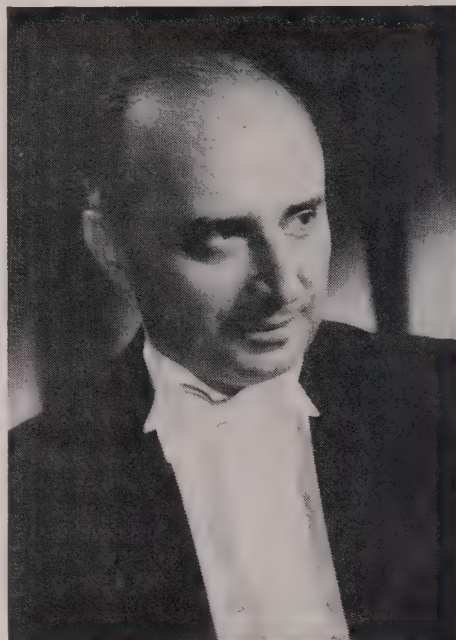
(Photos: Percy H. Prior, Jr.)

Decorated

RALPH T. REED

GREEK GOVERNMENT DECORATES REED FOR TOURIST PROMOTION. — In recognition of his efforts to promote tourism to Greece, Ralph T. Reed, president of American Express, was recently decorated with the insignia of a Knight Commander of the Order of George I by King Paul of Greece. The award was made in the royal palace in Athens during Mr. Reed's inspection tour of American Express offices in Europe.

Greece is the third European nation to decorate Mr. Reed for promoting travel by Americans. He is also a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France, and a member of Norway's Order of St. Olaf.

**Famed Conductor**

TH. VAVAGIANIS

THEODORE VAVAGIANIS, conductor of the Athens Philharmonic, received the plaudits of Belgrade music-lovers and the Yugoslav newspapers when he appeared as a guest conductor with the Belgrade Philharmonic last season. All Belgrade newspapers, such as *Nin*, *Politica* and *Borba* agreed that Vavagianis is a master who imparts rare spirit and ingenuity into his conducting. Such words as incomparable, distinguished, extremely talented were lavished upon him by the press.

Vavagianis studied under Dimitri Mitropoulos in the Athens Conservatory of Music. He also studied abroad. Dimitri Mitropoulos in a recent statement spoke as follows: "Theodore Vavagianis, who was my student and my assistant while I conducted the Athens Philharmonic, is a very able and very talented musician". In 1950 the State Department invited him to America to inspect musical progress in this country and to help develop better musical relations between the United States and Greece.

•

**AUTHORS LEAGUE
OF ATHENS
CELEBRATES
10th ANNIVERSARY**

Partial view of the 10th Anniversary celebration of the Authors League of Athens, Greece, of which Mr. Petros Markakis is secretary.

OLYMPIA

NEW GREEK LINE FLAGSHIP NEAR COMPLETION IN SCOTLAND

OLYMPIA is the name of the new 24,000 ton Flagship of the Greek Line now being completed in Scotland.

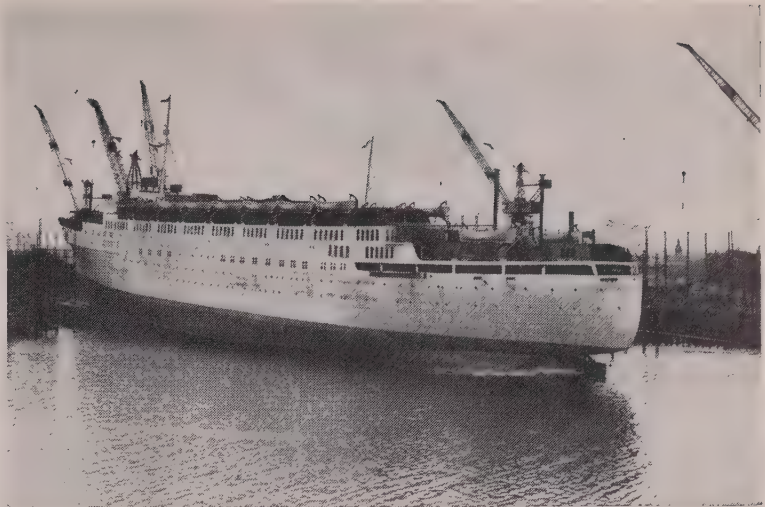
This new queen of the seas is a twin screw passenger liner, the largest ever built by the famous Linthouse Yard, the emphasis being comfort and luxury in travel.

This new great ship of the Greek Line will offer at low tourist rates all the luxury one is accustomed to expect in the first class of the well known Transatlantic liners.

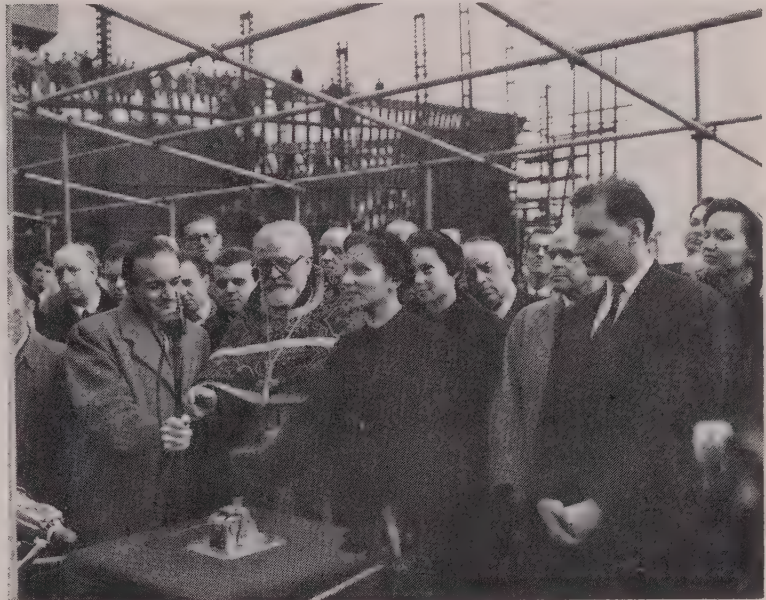
In the tourist class the ship has 16 public rooms, with spacious halls, at least four times as many as it has been the custom to provide for tourist passengers.

Accommodations for the first class passengers is provided on the sun deck and the promenade deck in single and double rooms.

The tourist class is outstanding. Fifty per cent of the tourist accommodation is made up of two-berth rooms and approximately half of the total number of tourist passengers will have private showers and toilets. The passenger cabins are situated on the upper deck, the main deck and A, B and C decks. There is further the tourist veranda cafe at the after end of the promenade deck, the main lounge, drawing-room, card room, the winter garden, dance deck, gymnasium and children's room at the after end of this deck. All rooms are ventilated and heated. The ship is fireproofed to the latest international standards.



THE LAUNCHING: OLYMPIA, NEW QUEEN OF THE SEAS
IS LAUNCHED AT SCOTLAND



MISS CASSANDRA GOULANDRIS, DAUGHTER OF ONE OF THE FOUNDERS
OF THE GREEK LINE CHRISTENS THE SHIP IN GLASGOW



THE BEAUTIFUL OLYMPIA IS SCHEDULED TO ARRIVE IN
NEW YORK OCTOBER 29, 1953

A Short Story

A SONG OF DEPARTURE

By YIANGOS PIERIDES

(John Pierides, belongs to the younger generation of Greek writers. His first book "A Foreigner" was followed by the "Saviours" and a collection of short stories "The Velvet Doll". He has also written a study on the poet "Kavafis".)

On that night the poor old woman was restless. Her eyes nailed straight up to the ceiling

The thought that her only daughter—her only child—would depart devastated her; then, on the other hand the realization of the joy of her wedding was sweetening her heart. She betrothed her daughter by proxy and photograph to an unknown one in America. The boat which was to take her to the new world was about to sail. This boat which she had never seen, was to drag her only offspring away from her arms to an unknown world. And her grief was greater because she realized that she would never kiss and bless the wedding wreath. This grief was even greater now; greater than her joy, much greater than her illness.

My child! My darling!

It was already daybreak when she heard her in the next room pacing lightly back and forth on bare feet so that she would not awaken her sick mother. With painful effort she turned her head towards the open door—her daughter always left it open in case of an emergency—watching her daughter pacing tiptoe in and out.

Vasso, in deep thought and deeper grief kept walking back and forth carrying her few clothes—her only dowery—packing them in her little trunk. Undecided as she stood there for a moment at the door she glanced towards her mother and saw her open glazed eyes pinned on her.

— Mother! Are you awake? Do you want anything?

— Nothing, daughter!

— How did you pass this night, mother?

— Fine . . . Very fine!

— Slept at all?

— Soundly and in the joy of your joy!

— Ah, mama, I wish I could take you along.

— As soon as I am well, darling, I'll follow you.

— But who is going to watch over you after I am gone.

— Your little cousin. She'll be next to me, don't worry. Get your things ready now.

Vasso dropped the bundle on a chair, closed the trunk and sat on it in apparent hesitation.

— Ah, how can I go this way? How can I leave you in this condition?

— Go ahead child, don't waste time! They'll be here almost any minute now and you are not ready.

— I am afraid . . . afraid to leave you alone, mother.

— Why . . . I am better—much better—already.

— Mother . . .

— Go ahead now . . . don't aggravate me.

A deep sigh escaped from Vasso as she reopened the trunk and began to push the clothes into it, one by one in a slow, hesitating motion.

By now the rays of the sun spread into the room and upon the floor and the whole house was lit. The neighbors began to gather and bid the bride farewell. Her little cousin, too, came and with great restraint sought to stop the flow of her tears as she passed in and out going about her business helping her cousin. And finally Kyr-Yannis came who was to take Vasso to the distant harbor.

—How are you today, auntie? I have sent for the doctor.

The old woman in a surprised tone:

— No, I don't need a doctor today.

— But you seem so pale.

— So what? I feel much better today. Aren't you dressed yet, Vasso?

Vasso, who until that moment hadn't as yet decided to go, finally began to dress, her heart beating heavily.

The old woman strove hard to smile.

— Please neighbors, God grant you all your wishes, please lower the curtain a little. The light bothers my eyes.

It was not the light that bothered her eyes but the storm that was ever rising which she tried hard to keep in the darkness from her daughter's sight. Her daughter, trembling at every pace came close to her bed, knelt down and in a breaking tone:

— Your blessing, mother.

The old woman rose with painful effort a little. Her withered lips trembled. She wanted to say something, to wish her happiness but failed. Her heart felt some invisible hand strangling it. Two tears, like two knots wetted her dry eyes. Her sight and mind went blank. Her little niece helped her lie on the pillow.

On the opposite side of the bed Kyr-Yannis was pulling Vasso away:

— Come on, courage. You are no longer a child!

— Mama! Mama!

A little while later the old woman opened her eyelids. A deep sigh left her bosom. Her eyes sparkled and even her pale face took a certain color.

— Tassia, open the window wide. I need fresh air. I want to sing to her as she sails away.

Tassia, opened the window, then took two pillows and helping her to the window rested them behind her back.

And the sick woman, with a trembling tone rising from her bleeding heart's depths, a heart which drowned all the bitter sorrow of her great joy, sang out a song that could be a song of Death.

"You sail for the new world,
And I for the other world!
My only one! My only one!"

With her arms crossed and the eyelashes down the neighbors listened to this strange song, moving in its rhythm like a reed in the wind; others were shaking their heads in sorrow and sympathy for the lonely sick mother, sighing together at the end of each line of the song, as the sick mother sighed.

From time to time she would stop her lamentation and search with her hand under her blanket for something. Then again she would stretch her hand out as if throwing roses at the bride and the unknown groom whom no one else but she seemed to see, marching under the bridal arch.

"Long life and joy, forever yours,
My only one! My only one!"

And her voice was strangled within her throat . . .

Far away whistles were heard.

Standing on deck, Vasso, searched, with eyes ever flowing, to pick her little home in the ever lengthening distance as the boat sailed away. But it was so far now and her sight was blurred.

The seagulls were flying close by, sometimes high and sometimes lower, but none paused to bring her the sad tidings.

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BOOKS

by C. J. LAMPOS

★

A DELUGE OF GREEK BOOKS

(Continued from last issue)

There has been such an avalanche of books on Greek subjects in recent years that one could need plenty of skull room in order to house their interpretations and facts. Indeed, this department has received so many of these books that they are presenting a serious marital problem to its editor. After a number of warm discussions, my wife has made the concession that if I build her a beautiful, brick house according to her fond imagination, she will see to it that I get a room with bookshelves for these scattered treasures of mine.

Meanwhile, to clear away our dresser, bedside table, and desk, here are additional thumb-nail reviews:

I have lived an exciting weekend with *Zorba*, and I believe that I now have a greater understanding of the strength and the frailty of man. Who is *Zorba*? Why, he is the most read about and fascinating Greek of 1953 — the hero of the best-selling novel *ZORBA THE GREEK* by Nikos Kazantzakis (Translated by Carl Wildman. *Zorba* is only an untutored workman, a mining foreman and cook for the philosopher-narrator, and he does little else besides failing in his mining operation and talking, loving, and dancing. But he is so alive that you can virtually hear him talk and see him dance! He is often a comic and a wolf (despite his 65 years!), but he asks the eternally poignant and unanswerable questions: What is man? What is the purpose of life? Is there a God? He asserts that the purpose of life is to live, and if the purpose of a novelist is to create a living character, Kazantzakis (one of the leading writers of contemporary Greece) is a most successful novelist.

More sophisticated and romantic is *EMPRESS OF BYZANTIUM* by Helen A. Mahler (Translated from the German. Coward-McCann. New York. 1952. 376 pp. \$4.00). It begins in 420 A.D. in Athens, where the Classical philosophers are waging a losing fight to preserve their freedom and way of life against the inroads of the Christians. The romantic element revolves about Emperor Theodosius II and Athenais (daughter of an Athenian philosopher) and about Pulcheria (sister of and co-ruler with Theodosius) and Paulinus (his Lord Chamberlain). This is a historical novel in the vivid, racy style of today and a best-seller, too, but it gives a fine picture of the clash of dying paganism and rising Christianity. One of a number of recent novels on the Byzantine era, this book is another proof of the vitality of that civilization and of the interest with which the modern world looks back to it.

There must be a Sophocles revival going on these days — judging from the production of two of his masterpieces on Broadway and the appearance of several excellent books on this great but misinterpreted poet. The latest of these books is *SOPHOCLES: A Study of Heroic Humanism* by Cedric H. Whitman (Harvard University Press. Cambridge, Mass. 1951. 292 pp. \$4.75). The author takes sharp issue with the traditional views of Sophocles, both ancient and modern, and goes back to the plays themselves as great dramas of heroic humanism. The result is that Sophocles emerges as a man with a vivid and passionate sense of good and evil, who, far from being frozen in a static pietism, changed and evolved many times during his long life. This interpretation helps a lot, for if we are having a Sophocles revival, we might as well understand him as fully as possible.

The Greek dramatists have perplexed readers and critics for some 2500 years, and a major source of perplexity is the use of the traditional gods by irreligious Euripides. We find a new solution to this old problem in *ASPECTS OF EURIPIDEAN TRAGEDY* by L. H. G. Greenwood (Cambridge University Press. New York. 1953. 144 pp. \$3.75). The author argues that Euripides intended his plots to be fantasies—with no second version, or "real story", underlying the surface. This was the material he had to use by the laws and customs of the Dionysian theatre, which made no such claims to realism as the modern drama does. Nevertheless, this did not deter Euripides from presenting "true, moving, and beautiful pictures of human character and human destiny."

The next two books are unusual volumes of Ancient Greek poetry. The first is *NICANDER: The Poem and Poetical Fragments*, Edited with a Translation and Notes, by A. S. F. Gow and A. F. Scholfield (Cambridge University Press. New York. 1953. 247 pp. \$4.75). It is uncertain when Nicander lived, but he seems to have written between 241 and 133 B.C. Two long poems of his—and a few fragments—survive today. "*Theriaca*", 958 lines, tells of poisonous creatures (such as snakes, scorpions, and spiders), their effects, and their antidotes. The poet urges his readers to "treasure ever the memory of the Homeric Nicander, whom the snow-white town of Clarus nurtured" for this valuable information, but in reality Nicander is now remembered as one of the few surviving poets of his era and as a singer with a contorted style, a fantastic vocabulary, and borrowed material which has no scientific or healing value. However, he did influence Virgil and Ovid, and this book is something of a rediscovery by the lay reader.

The other book provides more delightful reading. It is *THE GREEK BUCOLIC POETS: A Translation into English Prose* by A. S. F. Gow (Cambridge University Press. New York. 1953. 156 pp. \$3.75). There are three poets included here—Theocritus, Moschus, and Bion—and an excellent introduction on their lives and on Bucolic Poetry. Theocritus leads with 30 idylls, most of them masterpieces of their kind in world literature. Professor Gow published a monumental two-volume study with Greek text and this prose translation of Theocritus last year, but this little book is for the lay reader. There was a crumbling Greek world at the time these poets wrote, but they sang so effectively of "the sweet, sad years" that poets have been echoing them for 23 centuries.

Since the brief reviews of four Homer books in the last issue of *ATHENE*, another Homer book has come to this department. It is *STUDIES IN THE LANGUAGE OF HOMER* by G. P. Shipp (Cambridge University Press. New York. 1953. 155 pp. \$3.75). The author examines in detail "the development of the language of the *ILIAD* in some of its typical features, with careful attention to the spoken dialects involved and to the influence of metre." This book is intended only for Greek philologists and is unintelligible to anyone else. Professor Shipp teaches at the University of Sydney, Australia.

I have over-abused the word "exquisite" in describing books on Greek art, but it seems to be the only word which fits another two of them. The first is *BYZANTINE MOSAICS* (Iris Books. Oxford University Press. New York. 1952. Unpaged. \$6.50). This is intended as a book of illustrations, for there is only a brief "Introduction" by Peter Meyer. The fourteen plates—so exquisite in their golds, blues, reds, greens, etc.—are entirely from Italian churches, where the "*maniera greca*" exerted such a profound influence. The subjects are "The Virgin with the Child", "The Mount of Olives", "The Creation of the World", "The Destruction of Sodom", "The Flight of Jacob", and the like. The plates are pasted into the book,

(Continued on Page 40)

The Greek Orthodox Youth of America, G.O.Y.A.

By ERNEST A. VILLAS

It seems that so often we hear people speak of the two terms "young generation" and "old generation" with a feeling that each is a world of its own and not to be transgressed by the other. By the very same token, less than 40 years ago the entire world was made up of separate nations espousing the combined principle of isolationism and nationalism. Through the terrible price of two World Wars, this principle has been proven false, and the nations of the world are now desperately seeking cooperative and joint means to prevent a third such holocaust. The subjects of war and international tragedy seem far-removed from this discussion, but truthfully they can teach us a great lesson. The world has learned that in reality there are no boundaries between countries except geographic ones and we must apply this same principle to our Church and its membership. There are no boundaries between the young and the old except the years that separate us. Geographic boundaries of nations and years of human life are but the tools of nature which give perspective to our existence.

Our Church can safely classify its membership into two general classifications: the first generation, comprised of our Mothers and Fathers who came to America and established the Churches and communities as we know them today; and the second generation comprised of our present young people both married and single, born here in America. Of course there are many who do not fall into either of these broad classifications, but for overall purpose of description I believe most will agree that this is a fair division. I hesitate to even employ the term "division" in speaking of these classifications for unfortunately the term "division" exactly expresses what has regretfully happened in many communities. The "old generation" and "young generation" have been segregated into "divisions" with rigid boundaries that do not overlap. This is wrong and only impedes progress. Who is to say one man is young, another old? Some of our most progressive policies and youthful ideas come from those whom by years we would classify as members of the "older generation". Many times we hear the crossfire of accusation; "the youth do not appreciate what they have and shirk their responsibility", while youth may retaliate with "the older generation is too old-fashioned and won't give us the freedom we need to prove what we can do". In many communities this attitude has created an impasse to progress, but it is encouraging to note that this type of thinking is gradually diminishing.

Definite and essential changes are rapidly taking place in our Church today. One of these which is already having a pronounced effect on nearly all communities in the land is the new national youth organization, the GREEK ORTHODOX YOUTH OF AMERICA. This organization was born in Chicago

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in July 1951 at which time youth delegates from nearly 70 Churches throughout America convened at the invitation of His Eminence Archbishop Michael to study means of uniting the youth of our Church. Since then, the GREEK ORTHODOX YOUTH OF AMERICA (G.O.Y.A.) has spread its message and program to nearly every Church in America. And what is this message and program? Chiefly it seeks to unite the youth of our Church by bringing to them an understanding and appreciation of their religion. Once our young people are educated to the true depth and beauty of their faith, dozens of other problems that now face us will automatically be eliminated.

It can be sincerely and honestly stated that G.O.Y.A. represents the future of our Greek Orthodox Church in America. It is not just "another organization", but rather represents the combined and united youth of each and every local Church community. It is not only interested in problems of youth, but also realizes that the future of each community depends upon the youth of today to assume the responsibilities of tomorrow. Just as the world of today has changed from the policy of isolationism to one of international cooperation so must we do likewise. The time has come for us to unite our efforts for the mutual betterment and progress of all.

However, it will take far more than either just the "younger" or "older" generation working alone to insure a greater future for the Church of tomorrow. We must never forget that each of us are members of a family made up of three important parts: The Older Generation, the Youth, and the Clergy. Each must be understanding and patient with the other. The hundreds of delegates who annually attend both National and District G.O.Y.A. Conferences are guided by a spirit of genuine love and respect for their Church, its Clergy, and their Mothers and Fathers who built the communities today. These Christian and democratic principles permeate the root and heart of every deliberation and decision made by our young people in G.O.Y.A.

In this day and age when large numbers of youth of all Faiths seem to have slipped away from the principles and responsibilities of Christianity, I am overjoyed to be able to tell this story of a re-birth of interest in their Church amongst the Greek Orthodox Youth of America. There is an old proverb which states that "nothing good comes easily", and this is applicable to its fullest extent in the future that lies ahead. The task is not an easy one, but miracles can be worked if each member of "our family" does his part. With the experience of our elders, the courage of our youth, and the guidance of our Clergy, a glorious chapter in the history of the Greek Orthodox Church lies just ahead.

The GREEK ORTHODOX YOUTH OF AMERICA respects the past, works for the present, and looks to the future in seeking the guidance and blessings of Almighty God to achieve its noble ends and lofty objectives.

(Mr. Villas is National Chairman of G.O.Y.A.)



MISS BETTY SPICE, young Greek-American Soprano, born in Ely Minnesota, is the recent winner of the Sigma, Alpha, Iota, semi-annual scholarship award. Miss Spice has to her credit two other scholarship awards while a student at the Wisconsin Conservatory of Music in Milwaukee. She is at present the pupil of the well known Norwegian voice teacher, Madame Nene Baalstad, of the Chicago Conservatory of Music. Miss Spice is the daughter of Nikolas Spice, from Roumeli and Antonia from Sparta, Greece.

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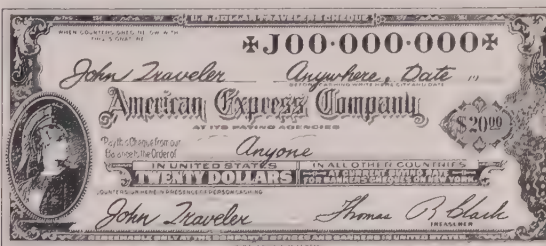
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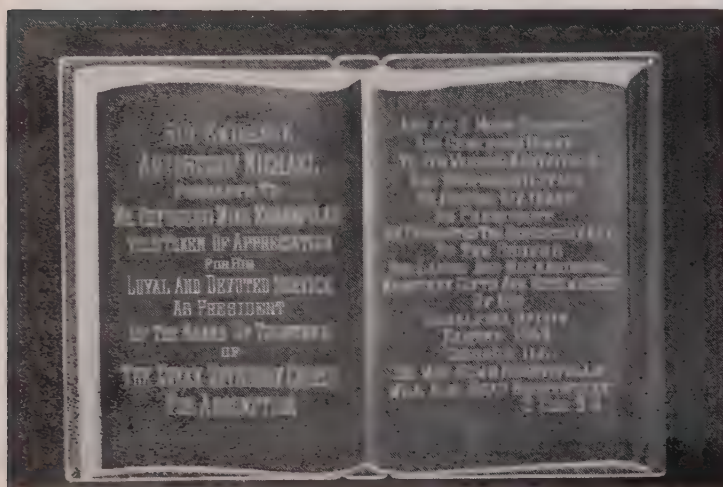
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Mr. Korompilas for the constructive work of his administration and for his generous donations to the church. Mr. and Mrs. Korompilas left July 11, to visit Greece.

Bishop Gerasimos of Chicago, presenting archbishop's citation to Mr. Mike Korompilas, for many years president of the Assumption Community of Chicago, at a banquet tendered in his honor by the community leaders at the hall of the Plato School. Present were representatives of the Ladies' societies, P.T.A. and the O.Y., including all the past presidents and the members of the church board. Speakers included, Past Pres. N. Andros, Rev. George Mastantonis, rector of the Assumption; Rev. Dio. Nestorides, rector of the St. Demetrios Church, Past Pres. Pete Kyriazopoulos, and the present President of the community Mr. Peter Xinos. All eulogized



ARCHBISHOP MICHAEL'S CITATION ATTESTING TO THE COMMUNITY SERVICES OF MR. MIKE KOROMPILAS.



PHOTOGRAPHED AFTER THE TESTIMONIAL BANQUET: (L to R) PETER XINOS, PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO ASSUMPTION GREEK CHURCH; THE RT. REV. GERASIMOS, BISHOP OF CHICAGO, AND MIKE KOROMPILAS, PAST PRESIDENT AND BENEFACTOR OF THE COMMUNITY.



**A. Kopan
Wins
Fulbright Award**

Andrew T. Kopan, principal of the Koraes Greek-American Elementary School of the St. Constantine Greek Orthodox Church on Chicago's South Side, has been awarded a Fulbright Grant by the Department of State to teach English in Greece during the 1953-1954 academic school term. He has been assigned to the Gymnasium at Volos, Greece. This is part of an experimental program being conducted by the Greek Government. Seven Americans have been assigned to teach in various parts of Greece, under the Fulbright Program. Mr. Kopan will depart from New York aboard the S.S. Independence on September 4th.

Mr. Kopan has been given a year's leave of absence from the school, where he has been principal for the past two years. He has served for two years as Executive Director of the Orthodox Youth Organization of Chicago, and is currently the editor-in-chief of THE GOYAN, the official national publication of the Greek Orthodox Youth of America (GOYA).

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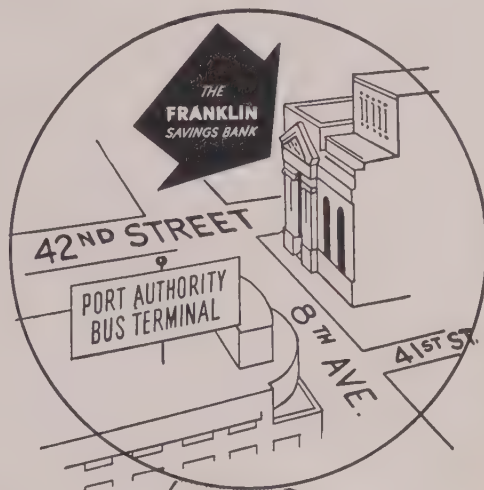
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COMMANDER APOSTLE A. FLABOURAS
ADDRESSING THE MEMORIAL SERVICE

Some days ago, an unusual memorial service was held at the St. Anthony Chapel of the Chicago Diocese, under the auspices of the Phalanx of Greek Veterans in America, of which organization popular Apostle Paul Flabouras is the National Commander. This patriotic organization has been of great service to veterans in America and its Commander, Mr. Flabouras has been honored by several organizations and world leaders for his signal services to the Allied cause.

At this particular memorial service referred to above, the Rt. Rev. Gerasimos, Bishop of Chicago, officiated, assisted by Rev. Rinieris and Rev. Karkazis. In addition to the national staff of the Phalanx, the Greek consul in Chicago and many other dignitaries attended.

Commander Flabouras was the principal speaker. He administered the oath to the members of the Phalanx, and added in part: "It is our duty

to keep alive the great traditions of our race, and to perpetuate the great virtues of our ancestors, working side by side with the ideals of America which in nobility and generosity are so similar to those of the Greek race.

Following the memorial service all dignitaries were invited to attend a banquet in their honor in Mr. Flabouras' nationally known restaurant, The Athens, 530 S. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

BOOKS

(Continued from Page 34)

and I shall frame several of them for my private office as soon as I can work up enough courage to mutilate the rest of the book.

The other book contains valuable interpretations as well as beautiful illustrations. It is *THREE CRITICAL PERIODS IN GREEK SCULPTURE* by Gisela M. A. Richter (Oxford University Press. 1951. 86 pp. \$5.00). The periods discussed are the transition period of about 480-445 B.C. (stressing Pheidias and his formation of the Classical style), the latest third of the 4th century B.C. (stressing Lysippos, the initiator of Hellenistic art), and the Graeco-Roman epoch of the 1st century B.C. (stressing the role of Greek artists in the Roman Empire and the eventual emergence of Roman art). The author details the character, innovations, and accomplishments of each period, and her book is an important contribution to our understanding of Greek and world art. Its illustrations, in black and white, number 142.

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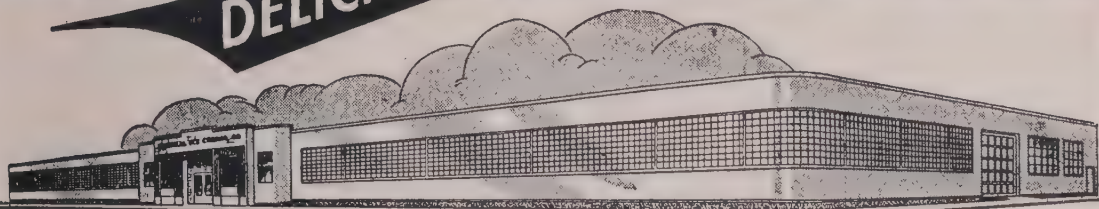
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THE ONE THING FORGOTTEN

(Continued from Page 26)

The king and queen tried to think.

"Make haste!" urged Fate. "I must be on my way. Shall I give the child beauty instead of health or goodness . . . ?"

"May it be forbidden!" cried the king.

"Shall I give him beauty instead of loyalty and truth?"

"No, never!" cried the queen.

"Then shall I take away his courage and his strength?"

"Alas, no!" cried the king.

"Then shall I change his tender, generous heart and his kindness and sympathy for beauty?"

"No, no, a thousand times no!" cried the queen, while her tears fell, and the king sadly lowered his head.

Fate was silent a moment, looking at them. She understood their trouble.

"I shall do my best for you," she said. "Your child shall be ugly, but his ugliness shall be bewitched."

"What do you mean?" asked the king quickly.

"It shall be bewitched," she repeated. "No one will remember it . . ."

"But how can that be?" asked the queen.

"I must hurry," said Fate. "I have lingered too long already," and she disappeared as suddenly as she had come.

The words of Fate's prophecy came to pass. A son was born to the king and queen, and great was the rejoicing through all the kingdom.

The little prince was the ugliest boy that had ever been seen, but when the queen first saw him, her heart was so full of gladness and love that she did not notice his ugliness.

"He is my greatest treasure," he said, "and my dearest joy. Surely he is the sweetest, the most beautiful child that ever was born."

When the king first saw the little prince, his heart sank at the sight of his ugliness.

"It was a sad mistake that we forgot to ask Fate for beauty," he thought, but he was silent, for he knew that if he spoke, the queen would be deeply hurt. Just then the child opened his eyes and looked at his father and a tiny smile moved the corners of his mouth. His whole face seemed changed, and the king in love and pride exclaimed:

"Surely this is the most wonderful, the most beautiful child that ever was born!" And the king never again thought his son ugly.

When the queen's maidens first saw the little prince, they were revolted by his ugliness.

"What a horrible little creature!" they whispered to one another. "Fate left out beauty when she gave him her gifts."

But as he grew and they watched him in the garden, trying manfully to walk and talk, and laughing when he failed, and trying over again, they cried: "Surely he is the most lovable, the most beautiful child that ever was born!" And they never again thought him ugly.

When the King's pages and courtiers first saw the little prince, they too were disgusted at his



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ugliness. Behind the King's back they murmured:

"Beauty was forgotten on the day Fate gave him her gifts. To think our royal master should have such an unworthy successor! How could an illformed brat ever rule a kingdom?"

But as he grew older and they saw him running as swiftly as the dogs, his playmates, and leaping as high as the king's young colts, and climbing as nimbly as the queen's cat, yet never boasting about his skill and always having a cheerful word and a wave of the hand for everyone, they exclaimed:

"Surely he is the most noble, the most beautiful boy that ever was born!" And they never again thought him ugly.

When the king's subjects first saw the young prince they were seized with loathing for his ugliness.

"What a monster!" they said. "Fate must have been in a furious temper on the day she gave him her gifts. Shall we sometimes have to follow him into battle or obey the laws written by his hand? Never! We would sooner be ruled by a dragon, or set a seven-headed serpent on the throne!"

But as he grew older, they watched him ride back in triumph from chariot races and contests of skill where he was always the winner. They saw him also as he came home with his father from hunting, and they noticed that he rode slowly then, for the king was growing old, and that he always carried his father's spears and hunting knives as well as his own. They saw too that at any time the prince would top his swift, proud horse in the middle of the street in order to pick up a fallen child, to give gold to a cripple or buy fruit from a poor vender, and they cried:

"Surely he is the bravest, kindest, most beautiful prince that ever was born!" And they never again thought him ugly.

The palace gardens were bright with torches on the night of the prince's twenty-first birthday. All the nobles of the land and all the young princes of the seven kingdoms were assembled there to honor him. Their gifts of gold and silver gleamed in a great heap. Their rich robes shone in the torchlight, and their curling hair and handsome features were like those of beautiful statues. Brightest of all and most beautiful, appeared the prince's face. Wherever he went his kind smile shone on everyone, and his guests smiled back at him and scattered flowers upon him. They greeted him as one greets the sun after many dark days, for on his face they saw only the reflection of the beauty in his heart.

From a balcony of the palace, the king and queen watched the festivities.

"Do you remember," asked the queen, "the day when Fate came and told us to choose the qualities we wanted for our son?"

"Yes, I remember," answered the king smiling.

"Do you remember how frightened we were because we had forgotten to wish for beauty? Fate wanted to frighten us, for she didn't leave out beauty after all."

"That was only her joke," said the king, and they both laughed happily.

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GREEKS ON THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE

(Continued from Page 22)

miral in his family. Why should we discard his two authoritative biographers' assertion—which, as even Vignaud and the latest Genoese authors admit, comes from the Admiral's own lips—that Columbus and the famous captain called Colon the Younger, belonged to the same family? Is it not true that a person is presumed telling the truth, especially in matters concerning his genealogy, until he is proved to be lying?

A reference to Columbus's will that if his heirs are not found they should be looked for in other countries is very significant. None of his alleged Genoese relatives is mentioned in the will. One of the Columbian authors, Andre, interprets this reference as a cryptic indication that Columbus was a native of a different country, not of Genoa. However, the Island of Chios was then a part of the Genoese Republic. It is, therefore, possible that the reference to Genoa as his birthplace was made with respect to the Republic of Genoa and not the City of Genoa.

The space of this treatise did not allow the insertion of all the arguments pro and con. For a complete study of the thesis that Columbus was of Greek origin, CRISTOPHER COLUMBUS A GREEK NOBLEMAN should be an invaluable guide to the various arguments as well as to the numerous authorities on the life of Christopher Columbus.

(To be continued)

(*) Died April 1944.

FOOTNOTES:

1. Grote's "Greece", Vol. II, p. 226.
2. Henry Vignaud: "Critical Study of the Various Dates Assigned to the Birth of Christopher Columbus", pp. ix.
3. Ibid.
4. Kerr and Edid: "A General History and Collection of Voyage and Travels", Vol. III, p. 9.
5. Ibid, p. 10.
6. Ibid, p. 14.
7. Justin Winsor: "Christopher Columbus", p. 39.
8. Kerr and Edin: "A General History and Collection of Voyage and Travels", Vol. III, p. 11.
9. Ibid, p. 17.
10. Ibid, p. 13.
11. Ibid, p. 17-18.
12. Canouta: "Christopher Columbus, a Greek Nobleman", p. 21.

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THE AESTHETICS OF BYZANTINE ART

(Continued from Page 10)

to behold ostentatious, rosy-cheeked icons. They do not like Byzantine music and Byzantine hagiography, which sprang from the piety of the Orthodox and which express the suffering and humility of Christ."

I am reminded here of L. Tolstoy. "A good and lofty work of art," says the Russian writer, "may be incomprehensible, but not to simple unperverted peasant labourers (all that is highest is understood by them); and may be, and often is, unintelligible to erudite perverted people destitute of religion . . ." But Kontoglous does **not** mean, as Tolstoy does, that all those who have to be perverted, are **equally** capable of understanding and feeling spiritual art. Tolstoy remarks that art "acts on people independently of their state of development . . ." Kontoglous, on the other hand, holds that a person who has not only simplicity, that is, an unperverted nature, but also a higher spirituality, can appreciate the work better. In order to fully understand the work of an artist, he says, you must stand on the same level of purity, of development, as the artist.

Like Michelis, Kontoglou stresses, as I have noted, the power of Byzantine art. In the countries of Europe, he observes, there are to be found in churches paintings which are famous for their technical aspects. Yet, they do not have the power of touching us so profoundly as the works of some simple and unknown Byzantine painters. This quality is to be found, he believes, not only in the paintings, but also in the mosaics, architecture, poetry, and music of the Byzantines.

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